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The Editors
'BOAT PEOPLE WITHOUT BOATS'

ONE DOLLAR
APRIL 25, 1980

Brazil's choices: democracy, dictatorship, genocide

DENIS GOULET
ROBERT WASSERSTROM

Eggheads, pumpkin heads, & liturgical popularism

DAVID K. O'ROURKE

Who was the mitered man?

THOMAS E. QUIGLEY

Democracy & distrust

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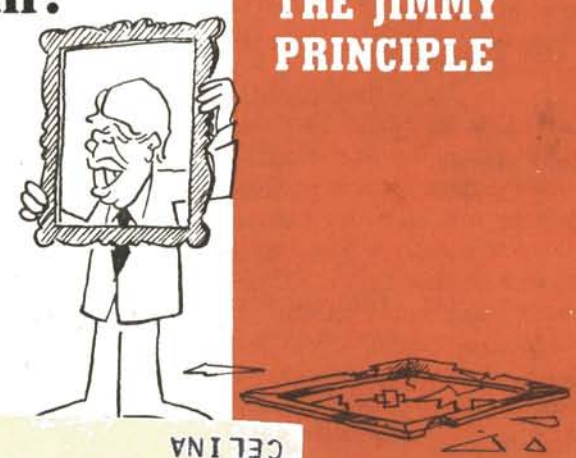
THE JIMMY PRINCIPLE



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Correspondence

Bushed out

New York

To the Editors: The sentence I had in mind ["The Primary Points," March 28] referring to John Anderson began: "And he won second place in the Massachusetts primary. . . ." The sentence that found its way into *Commonweal* began: "And he won the Massachusetts primary. . . ." Somewhere between thought and print, the sentence got garbled.

My apologies to the 124,365 Massachusetts Republicans who put George Bush, not John Anderson, into first place. (On the other hand, if you add in write-ins in the Democratic primary, Mr. Anderson outpolled Mr. Bush, proving that writers dealing with numbers can always find a way out.)

E. J. DIONNE, JR.

First things first

Millbrae, Calif.

To the Editors: In our desperation for a social gospel, we have secularized everything beyond recognition.

Perhaps we could begin to remedy this spiritual abdication at our Catholic colleges at the termination of the basketball playoffs.

JOHN THACKER

More on Yugoslavia

Rutherford, N.J.

To the Editors: In the March 14 *Commonweal* Bogdan Denitch singles out—in a most aggressive and unobjective way—the role that the Roman Catholic church played in Yugoslavia during the last war. Since I am a Croatian Roman Catholic and would not like my reply to Denitch, a Serbian, to turn into yet another Serbo-Croatian diatribe, I will not refer to my personal experience in the Yugoslavia of 1945 but rather quote some instances from Evelyn Waugh's report to the British government on the subject. Captain Evelyn Waugh was a member (No. 37) of the British military mission based in Croatia during the war. In a long, documented report (Confidential [16805] /R 5927/ 1059/92/ No. 135. Foreign Office, 4 April 1945), Waugh writes among other things:

"The Croatian clergy has already been depleted by killings by Chetniks, Germans and Italians. It is being steadily depleted by partisan killings. . . . Details are available in only three dioceses, Sibenik, Split . . . and Dubrovnik. At Sibenik eight priests have been killed. At Split ten priests have been killed . . . At Dubrovnik fourteen priests have been killed . . . Father Petar Perica, a Jesuit of Dubrovnik, shot by the OXNA in November 1944 devoted himself entirely to the spiritual life. . . . Some priests have simply been carried off by the partisans and never heard of again. . . . Others have been waylaid and shot down while they went about their parish duties."

"The great majority of the clergy . . . went about their duties, recognizing the authority of *de facto* Government . . . using their influence to mitigate barbarities. Thus in Zagreb in June 1941 the archbishop Stepinac led a deputation to Pavelic (the leader of the Ustachi) to protest against the persecution of the Jews; many of the clergy of Zagreb wore the yellow star in the streets to ridicule Pavelic's attempt to mark Jews in the Nazi manner. The Diocesan Conference of 1942 addressed a remonstrance to Pavelic under seven heads, itemizing acts of lawlessness by the Ustachi, which the parish clergy had been instructed to collect, insisting on the civil rights of the Orthodox Serbs and condemning as sacrilegious the forcible conversion which the Ustachi were attempting to impose in certain districts. Recently Archbishop Stepinac, still in German hands, issued a condemnation of the acts of cruelty committed by both sides."

The authentic figures register that more than four hundred priests, Franciscan friars and sisters were executed by the Communist partisans. The present popularity of Cardinal Stepinac is proved by the fact that the tomb at the Zagreb cathedral is daily visited by hundreds of people and covered by flowers and candles.

Other points that need clarification are: (1) The policy of self-management failed to the extent that more one million workers had to go abroad in the West to find work; (2) national integration has never been so weak as now—as Milocan Djilas recently stated, the relations between Serbs and Croats are dominated by "a general hatred." This could be said also for all other nationalities; (3) policy of non-alignment suffered a defeat when Castro, in agreement with the Soviet Union, took over its leadership.

Yugoslavia under Tito has already failed to solve the basic problems. After Tito the issue of national stabilization promises to open even deeper disagreements between the Serbs and Croats, the Albanians and the Macedonians and Moslems on one side against the Belgrade centralism. The republics might even ask for separation. The Scandinavian formula would be the most useful to the Serbs and Croats to avoid a new civil war.

BOGDAN RADITSA
Professor Emeritus of History
Fairleigh Dickinson University

The author replies:

Although there is something frustratingly repetitive in discussing anything whatsoever about Yugoslavia with Serb or Croat political émigré nationalists, I will try to deal with Prof. Raditsa's letter, which is less unreasonable than most.

1. My argument, peripheral to the assessment of the role of Tito and the future of Yugoslavia, is that the wartime role of the churches and particularly the Catholic church in Yugoslavia (in con-

(Continued on page 254)

Commonweal is indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, Catholic Periodical Index, Index of American Periodical Verse, Book Review Digest and Book Review Index. Microfilm from Vol. 1, 1924, to current issues available through University Microfilm, 300 N. Zeeb Road, ann Arbor, Mi. 48106. Serials Data program No.: ISSN 0010-3330. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Copyright © 1980 Commonweal Publishing Co.

Illustrations: Cover, LNS and Bas., *Tachydromos;* p. 232, Margulies; p. 234, Cork; p. 236, Tyng; p. 241, LNS; p. 245, Miriam Shapiro, permission of Lerner-Heller Gallery.

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Commonweal, A Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts, is published biweekly, except monthly Christmas-New Year's and July and August, by Commonweal Publishing Co., 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: (212) MU 3-2042. Yearly subscriptions, U.S. and Canada, $20; foreign, $22. Special two-year rate: $35; foreign, $39. Single copy, $1.

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'BOAT PEOPLE WITHOUT BOATS'

NATIONAL BLACK LEADERS gave a party in Richmond last month and nobody came—or at least no presidential candidate came. Thomas Morgan of the *Washington Post* did attend, and he reported that the Rev. Jesse Jackson delivered a blistering attack on all presidential candidates for evading crucial domestic issues, appealing to the politicians to "stop clowning." Apparently his remarks accurately reflected the sense of pessimism about the current political-social scene felt by the assembled 1200 black leaders. "Blacks must have a transcendental agenda so that whoever is in the White House in November, we will not be in the outhouse in December," said Jackson. Conference organizers had hoped that the meeting would attract the major political candidates and force them to discuss such issues as unemployment, housing, inflation, and affirmative action. But the candidates failed to appear, and the mood of the assemblage was apparent when Detroit Mayor Coleman Young was booed when he said he was supporting President Carter for reelection.

In fact, the presidential forum was only one part of the meeting. The main business of the conference was to shape an agenda by which all candidates could be judged, and it did exactly that. Black leaders discussed issues and strategies with a sense of urgency about eroding civil rights gains, affirmative action programs, housing, unemployment, voter registration, health care, and U.S. budget cuts in national programs to aid the disadvantaged. Federal grant and procurement policies should be restructured, said the black agenda, to place greater emphasis on direct funding of black community-based organizations, setting aside a minimum of fifteen percent of federal development and procurement funds specifically for black institutions.

As pointed out by Benjamin Hooks, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, blacks have a long way to go. They represent almost 12 percent of the U.S. population, but they are less than 3 percent of the lawyers and judges, 2 percent of the physicians, 2.3 percent of the dentists, 1.1 percent of the engineers, and 2.5 percent of the college and university professors. Further, the black economic picture is far from bright, with Mr. Hooks commenting that "the economic decline of the late seventies has all but wiped out the steady economic progress that blacks made in the sixties"—a contention supported in the recently issued annual report on "The State of Black America" by the National Urban League. A larger percentage of young blacks are being admitted to college and universities, a growing number of them are moving into business and the professions, and it is obvious that there are an increasing number of individual blacks who are beginning to make it in this society. Anyone who doubts this fact has only to look around him. But in a mixed but predominantly gloomy report, the National Urban League said that the general progress that marked the sixties did not

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continue into the seventies for black families rather than individuals. Twenty years ago, for example, the median income of black families was only a little better than half that of white families. Ten years later it had gone up sharply, to 61 percent of the white level. By 1978, however, the last year for which such statistics are available, it had actually dropped, to about 59 percent. To be specific, black median family income in 1970 (in terms of constant 1978 dollars) was $10,544 and rose to only $10,879 in 1978 (3.1 percent). Whites, by contrast, had a $17,189 median in 1970 which rose to $18,368 in 1978 (about 6.8 percent). Twenty years ago, more than half of all blacks had incomes below the federal definition of poverty. By 1970 that proportion had improved sharply, to one-third. But today there are more blacks living below the poverty level than at the start of the 1970s.

Part of the reason for the decline in black family income may be traced to the increase in the number of one-parent families in this country, among blacks as well as whites. But that is only part of the reason, and another part may be found in the fact cited by Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall in the Bakke case and quoted by Mr. Hooks in Richmond: the black male who completes four years of college can expect a median annual income only $110 more than a white man who has only a high school diploma.

Add to all this the fact that black unemployment remains at a most discouraging level. Black unemployment today stands at 11.3 percent (with black youth unemployment rates in inner cities going sharply higher). This is more than twice as high as white unemployment and much higher than it was at the start of the seventies, when it was only 8.2 percent.

In short, the fact seems to be that it took the boom of World War II and the rapid national growth in the sixties, plus affirmative civil rights action, to help blacks in this country substantially. Today, in an era of heightened international tension and increased defense spending, the national trend is toward shutting our eyes to pressing domestic social problems and toward cutting the budget sharply on programs to help the poor. No wonder black leaders are pessimistic. National Urban League president Vernon E. Jordan Jr. summed up his feelings about blacks and the past year this way: "For some, a few, it's a little better. But for the vast majority of black people, they're all boat people without boats, cut adrift on an ocean of discrimination, poverty, and other social ills." If there is a certain amount of hyperbole in that statement, as critics might charge, and if there are obviously many individual exceptions to the general rule, it is also obvious that there is nothing cheering about the facts and figures Mr. Jordan and the Urban League cite.

DARKNESS VISIBLE

The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith recently demurred, amid faint praise, to the portrait of Jews presented in the Good Friday CBS-TV airing of Edward Anhalt's *The Day Christ Died*. The matter is delicate. For both Jews and Christians, any public re-enactment of the Passion of Jesus, filtered as it must be through a halting interpretation of the meaning in suffering, opens the deepest wounds—which is perhaps exactly the point. For there are certain enormities of suffering, like Auschwitz and Hiroshima in this century, which to the reflective seem past redeeming. Again, these unthinkable events, the greatest stumbling blocks to faith in our time, may be *the* theological point of our time.

At the risk of offending all sides in a most sensitive issue, we think it is time consciously to join what courtly irenicism often avoids linking. We think it would be beneficial for both Jews and Christians if attempts to understand the central mystery of Christian faith, the passion, death and resurrection of Jesus, were explicitly linked to attempts to fathom the Holocaust, and vice versa. Between the lines of B'nai B'rith's courteous protest, and behind similar Jewish demurrers in the past, the linkage is already implicit. It's as if Christians continually miss the passion of the Jewish experience in our time and, failing that, paradoxically miss the bloody point of our Christ. For it is Jewish history *after Jesus* which shows the dark underside of Christian history. And failing to understand that darkness, we keep the light of Christ from breaking through our most stubborn illusions. Jewish history, then, ought to be mandatory reading for any current adult Christian catechesis. Why? Paradigmatically, the sin of the western world is revealed there.

The history of Jewish enforced homelessness and dispossession is stitched into the psyche of Western Christianity like the lost soul *in us* that never quite got the point of Jesus's suffering. "The Messiah has not come," say the Jews, and point to the bloody rites of the Crusades, ghettoization, pogrom, and periodic exile, preludes all to the Holocaust. But these outrages need to be understood psychologically. And central to the complex psychological functions the Jewish "outsider" stands for in Western history is the arrangement whereby Jews served as paramount scapegoats upon whom "good" Christians unloaded the fear and guilt they could not face in themselves—primarily that sense of primeval abandonment gnawing at even the most "successful" in our society. It made it easier to assert "the Messiah has come, and we are new creatures" if we had handy an objectification (handling "filthy lucre," "consuming the blood of children," etc.) of the abandoned, homeless soul in ourselves. Jews stand, and survive with affronting bitterness, grace, and forebearance, as a constant reminder of the degree to which the Messiah has not come at all, or only superficially, for Christians themselves. Jesus's own people take his bloody place as victim, bringing repeatedly to light and in the flesh the heart of darkness that "pure" Christians tried to conceal.

If Jews are today unwilling to serve any longer as passive victims of this horror show, if the Israeli homeland is their symbolic declaration of independence from it, Christians need to do more than meekly honor that fact with liberal tolerance, guns, and butter. We owe it to both Jews and ourselves to fathom the mystifying terror of primitive abandonment which haunts our soul's depths—and which, denied, promises to devastate the human race with the kind of stupefying carnage

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that modern technology puts so readily at our witless disposal. Authentic Christianity, we think, is neither Hindu nor Buddhist with their promises of serene transcendence of historical conflict, nor is it that crypto-Gnostic idealism which gets us out of bloody messes. No, says that folly of the Cross, it's precisely in the middle of the bloody mess that revelation cracks open. And there's no better way of doing that than poking our noses directly into Jewish history, as seen in the first instance by Jews. Finally, into the staggering enormity of that unforgivable sin we'd all like so much to avoid, the Holocaust.

In retrospect, we think future historians will credit the Holocaust (and Hiroshima) as the behind-the-scenes motive for all of the really serious efforts of today's Christians to get beneath the standard brands of post-Reformation Christianity, to see through our shallow muscular idealism and private consolation-prize religiosity, and to reach deeper into the mystery of our humanity for roots that will stand even this shaking of our foundations. But the Jewish experience, the living memory of it, is indispensable to this quest for deeper roots—and even interpreters of that experience like Leo Beck, Elie Weisel, André Schwartz Bart, and others, can only approach the thing obliquely. Yet there's something about it, in the hands of a wise Jewish guide, that brings us savingly down to earth. One cannot enter this door with statistics; one is somehow compelled by the presence of the dead here to go through this pit one by one, with each man, woman, and child's face and family history, planted unforgettably in imagination. It's as if, in being touched by these individual lives, we were enabled to feel the raw nerve, perhaps hear the voice, of the abandoned soul secreted away in ourselves.

Understandably, Jews who have "been there" guard the unspeakable pain of this place as sacred—nameless. We Christians, if invited to enter here must doff shoes, enter as if walking on soul-ground that will shatter all our illusions about who we are—and who shall dare say what we shall find in this abandoned dark?

We think, though, that there's a truly great agenda here for both Jewish and Christian teachers, begun to be sure, but only just begun.

BLOOD OF MARTYRS . . .

Archbishop Oscar Romero was killed because he was a powerful and dangerous man. Not, to be sure, by the world's standards. He had no arms, led no troops. He was not an incendiary mover of masses. He was not a revolutionary in the usual sense. He did have, not long ago, a radio station over which his homilies could be broadcast to all of El Salvador. It was blown up.

As usual, the world's standards were wrong. Archbishop Romero was powerful and dangerous. His power was the power of the word. The danger was the danger of truth. And not any word or truth, but the word and truth of the Gospel, the good news of each person's dignity before a saving God, the good news of that necessary liberation which precedes liberation. Archbishop Romero helped those in need, informed and represented them. But he could do this because people trusted and believed him—and that, in turn, rested on the fact that he lived and spoke the Gospel.

Such a man had to die. It is an old pattern.

Oscar Romero was a moderate conservative when called to be archbishop of San Salvador. He did not rush to the cause of resistance. He went there reluctantly, shocked by the deaths of his priests, drawn into the sufferings of the poor whom he was meant to shepherd. He strove to prevent bloodshed—but not on terms that denied human dignity. His denunciations of repression earned him the bitter enmity of El Salvador's oligarchy. When a reformist junta took power last October, Archbishop Romero wished it well. But the repression continued; reforms were to be bought with the annihilation of political opposition. The archbishop spoke out again. Such a man had to die.

Archbishop Romero had an analysis of El Salvador's fate. The nation faced three options: oligarchical, governmental, popular-democratic. Of the governmental option we might add that it is something like the Grand Inquisitor's. Bread, but not freedom. Land reform, but rule from the top. Even in its own terms, this option is fatally flawed. It has been provoked only by the threat of revolution, and only the threat of revolution can give it the force to overcome oligarchical obstacles. What will happen once the revolutionary potential is bloodily eliminated?

The United States is putting its money—literally, $5.7 million in military aid—on the governmental option, on the ruling junta. In a letter to President Carter sent a month before his death, Archbishop Romero pleaded that the U.S. not do this. His plea has been endorsed by an ecumenical group of religious leaders just returned from El Salvador, by the U.S. Catholic Conference in testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Foreign Operations, and most recently by Archbishop John Quinn on behalf of U.S. bishops. There is no evidence that Congress or the president is listening.

Nicaragua aid

THE BISHOP'S TALE

WHO WAS THAT MITERED MAN?

"DOES THE GENTLEMAN know the meaning of the word 'catholic'?" said Mr. Schulze to Mr. Harkin. This, mind you, on the floor of the U.S. House of Representatives, while serious debate on aid to Nicaragua was raging.

Schulze, a conservative Republican from Pennsylvania, had just read from a letter from a constituent whom he described as an Episcopalian bishop. Derek Lang, who signs his name with a cross and lists his title as Bishop of Middleburg, had written

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the congressman of the nasty treatment he had suffered at the hands of the Sandinistas. Seems he ran a small ten-bed emergency hospital in Nicaragua to which Somoza had contributed, but which, after the area fell to the Sandinistas, was taken over by the new government.

"I was and am outraged," he wrote, "by the treatment accorded myself and my staff, but I am even more outraged that the government of the United States would now—in effect—reward the brutality and extortion of American property by now funneling large sums of money to assist these people." What the good bishop wanted, he made clear at the end, was indemnification for the property expropriated.

Hearing Derek Lang's name, the gentleman from Iowa, Tom Harkin, rose to ask the gentleman to yield. "I have in my hands," he said, a letter from the same D. Lang, full of menacing portent, but in which he identified himself as a Catholic bishop. Harkin went on to say that a check with church authorities disclosed that there is no Catholic bishop nor Catholic priest by that name, nor any diocese of Middleburg.

Schulze, no mean theologian, shot back: "That does not necessarily mean Roman Catholic. The word 'catholic' means Christian in that phrase. I am not putting myself in his mind but I presume he may be saying a member of the Christian church."

Harkin questioned whether such a person was a bishop of any denomination, but left off when Schulze offered to suspend the already delayed discussion and voting till Lang could be produced.

The final vote authorizing aid was frighteningly close (202-197) and while it's unlikely that Lang was a factor, his letter to the Nicaraguan ambassador, the letter Harkin had, did cause some real consternation at the embassy since the Catholic bishops of the United States had outdone even their Nicaraguan counterparts in pressing very strongly for the aid package.

But the question still remained, who was that mitred man? Having established that he wasn't "one of ours," I checked with the Episcopal Church Center in New York which couldn't find him on any of its lists, which left (excluding outright fraud) any one of the several Old Catholic sects. And indeed, according to the pastor of one of the Old Roman Catholic Church parishes in Chicago, Derek Lang is one of theirs.

Curiously, my informant who said he was one of Lang's consecrators, assured me repeatedly that Lang was a decent and honorable man who wouldn't do anything dishonest, although I had asked no more than whether he knew the man. Perhaps others had been more suspicious.

One who was is a priest who had worked in the same area of Nicaragua as Lang, knew him as a preacher who ran a clinic and also as a Somoza sympathizer. According to this priest, Lang was widely suspected among the people of informing on wounded Sandinistas and his clinic bore Somoza's name so it was no surprise that after the war, Lang would be invited out. Indeed he came close to never leaving at all as some of the *muchachos* had him slated for summary trial and probable execution in the days before Managua asserted full control over the provinces. American Montfort Fathers who had opened their radio facilities to the Sandinistas during the war snatched Lang from that fate and the Capuchins helped him in Managua before he was evacuated by the U.S. Embassy.

But why is he still saying those mean things about Nicaragua? The clue can be found in his letters to the congressman and the ambassador; he wants "restitution for our material losses," which according to his letter to Ambassador Solis amount to nearly $1 million. (Maybe he would except the quarter million that came from Somoza.)

And that's exactly what he's trying to get. According to the State Department, he has already filed for the losses and has received a waiver from the attorney general's requirement that he go personally to Nicaragua to verify the loss. It is recognized,by State at least, that he has a valid claim, and the Nicaraguan government will be pressed to pay up.

Just how Lang's little band came to invest $700,000 of their own resources in this mission is not easily determined, especially since the group was unknown to the USAID people dealing with private voluntary organizations (PVOs) in Nicaragua, and the church itself is not generally known among either missionary or development agencies. All attempts to get Bishop Lang's own responses to such have been repeatedly thwarted by his unanswered telephone.

Somehow the bishop's tale bears a marked resemblance to the story of another fleeting figure in episcopal garb, the strange John Augustine Christopher, Archbishop (not just bishop) of the Ecumenical Order of the Holy Cross. This worthy whose picture graced the pages of a Guatemalan daily last April (he certainly *looks* like a bishop) was there bidding farewell to the esteemed president of the republic (whom some other bishops consider less than a model Christian) and explaining why he was moving his operation out of Guatemala.

Well, he didn't exactly explain; there were "pressures" but he thanked everybody for all the help he had received in his now-aborted attempt to set up the Hospital of Our Lady of Mercy. One is left wondering what pressures, what help, and what he did with it after deciding to move. According to sources in Guatemala his next destination was to be El Salvador.

Your standard church sources can't provide much information about this bishop either, since the "Holy Order of the Holy Cross, Ecumenical Catholic Congregation" is evidently confined to the well-groomed personage of John Augustine Christopher and his priest (singular). According to some, however, he was once a lay brother or student at an Episcopal monastery who decided the quickest way to become a bishop was to invest in a zucchetto and pectoral cross.

Does that make you tax exempt? And does it make some people want to give you money, especially if they think—as

NEXT ISSUE: Spring books, Gregory Baum on Peter L. Berger, an interview with Mary Gordon.

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they are likely to in the U.S. and bound to in Latin America—that you are a bona fide bishop of the Roman Catholic or Anglican communions?

Lang may really be a bishop; Christopher is apparently just playing at it, and there's no law against dressing up funny. But in the context of Latin America and the progressive role assumed by much of the Catholic church there, these gents have to be questioned about the probabilities of deception and confusion. Could there be a bishopscam?

THOMAS E. QUIGLEY

(Thomas E. Quigley is Advisor for Latin America at the U.S. Catholic Conference's Office of International Justice and Peace

Of several minds: *Frank Getlein*

THE JIMMY PRINCIPLE

LEADING FROM HIS STRONG POINT—INCOMPETENCE

IN MY HOME TOWN, invariably described by my father as "an industrial mining camp," we had a Mayor named Andy Nolan for almost as long as I can remember, although I do recall Peter Hart was his predecessor and I marched in a real, honest-to-God torchlight parade to Peter Hart's house one election night and he came out and stood on the roof of his porch to thank us all for showing up. Anyway, the thing about Andy Nolan was best expressed by a great-aunt of mine, Aunt Annie, who, explaining why she voted for Andy, said, "But if he wasn't Mayor, what would the poor man do?"

It was a good question. The general feeling around town, certainly among my relatives, was that if he weren't Mayor, poor Andy couldn't do anything, having tried and failed at retail grocering, mill work, tool-and-die, time-keeping, other vocations. Floppola. So we all went and voted for Andy, feeling, I at least when old enough, a little like some Edwin Arlington Robinson character, indeed like a supporting character to an Edwin Arlington Robinson character, which is about as dim as you can get. Still, it was only once every two years.

After all these years, Andy came back to mind in the current Carter campaign, if you can call it current, Carter, or campaign. Assuming you can, out of convention rather than conviction, the following, it seems to me, is the Carter platform:

I have presided over a rise in inflation from roughly four per cent a year to roughly twenty. That's a jump. I need your help.

At the behest of David Rockefeller and Henry Kissinger, I admitted the ex-Shah of Iran and our embassy in Teheran was seized by a mob as I had been warned it would be if I admitted said Shah. I need your help.

I can't get Congress to do anything because I refuse to find out how Congress works. I need your help.

The dread Russians came down like the wolf on the fold in Afghanistan and I have fearlessly struck back by canceling our participation in the Moscow Olympics. Don't jump. Don't run. Don't throw anything. I need your help.

Even before they came down like the wolf on the Afghanifold, the dread Russians were running around in Cuba, which I finally found out about after they'd been doing it for 20 years. It's unacceptable. It's acceptable. I need your help.

It's Andy Nolan all over again. What would Jimmy Carter do if he weren't president? I suppose he'd go back to being a ground-nut factor, but that's not an easy back-transition after you've seen Paree. And what about Hamilton Jordan? Do they even sell Amoretto in Plains, Ga.?

In some ways, this appeal for support by demonstrating incompetence is a refreshing change from our political tradition. The traditional appeal is the one you hear from Kennedy, Brown, Reagan, and Anderson, each in his own way, "The present administration is a disaster, but I know how to correct its mistakes, sweep up its breakage, put things together again. Vote for me and we'll have better times."

The problem with that traditional appeal is simply that most of the troubles that beset us most of the time are not the kind that can be cured by a president. They may not be intractable, but how they can be got tracting is always something of a mystery. A president can precipitate calamity, as has been amply demonstrated by Presidents Johnson, Nixon, Ford, and Carter, but no one of them and very few of their predecessors were able to fix up an existing calamity.

In contrast, to have a president say, as Carter is saying, Vote for me because I don't know shoes from Shinola, everything I touch turns to dust and ashes, is not only refreshing; it's an important step in what has been called "the revolution of lowered expectations." It's true that that contemplated revolution does not mean lowered expectations for arms merchants, oil cartels, and David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan, but it does mean such a lowering for the rest of us and Carter's bold departure from tradition is a sound preparation for worse to come. If we are going to have to expect less from life in general, how better to begin than with our elected leader.

From another point of view, Carter's confessions of incompetence may be seen as a bridge toward what is widely regarded as the offended, alienated Jewish vote. The Jewish voters in New York had not responded to Carter's plea: "I got myself a Secretary of State who, when you tell him to vote No, votes Yes, I need your help." The bridge in the incompetence number is the evocation of an ancient, and, in my own opinion, still admirable, faintly surreal, Jewish joke. The legendary Mr. Shapiro read in the *Times* that MIT was looking for a nuclear

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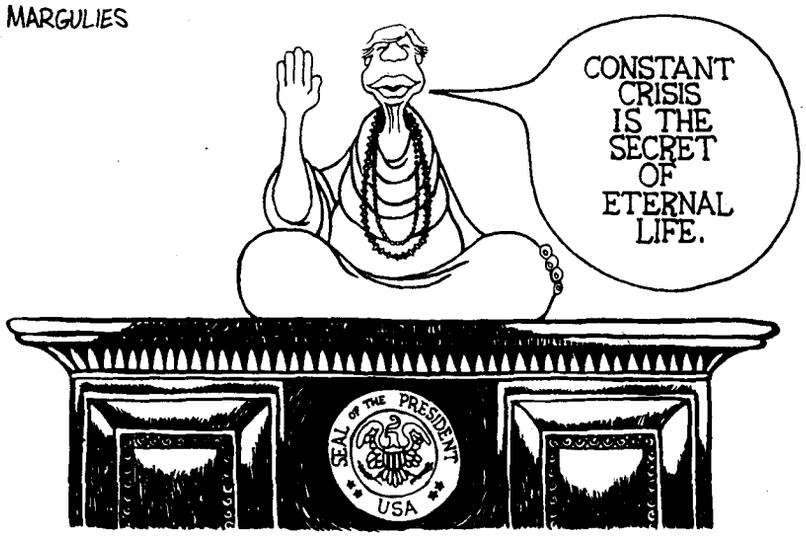

physicist with a certain background to work on an important national security project. He called the number, gave his name, age, other brute facts, and was asked about his education and experience: No, I am not a Ph.D in nukes, No, in fact I never made it out of high school, No, I have not conducted private studies of any kind. Well, Mr. Shapiro, I don't quite know why you are calling us. I'm calling you just to tell you, On me you shouldn't count.

That is basically Carter's message. On inflation, on the hostages, on the Soviet threat, if Soviet threat there be, on anything you can think of, on him, you shouldn't count.

Contrariwise, of course, if he gets in again, performs as he has so far, and makes things even worse all along the 360 degrees of worsening open to any president, he can reasonably say, Don't say I didn't tell you, and, I didn't promise you a rose garden.

Speaking of the which, and speaking, too, of "contrariwise," which always brings Alice to mind, Carter continues to be held hostage himself, a prisoner in the rose garden, unable to get out and campaign because the dread Ayotollah won't let him go. The telephone, as my spokesperson, Hodding Carter, no relation, explained in another connection, having not yet been invented. I need your help.

In Alice's rose garden, the gardeners went around painting the roses rose color, which makes sense if the damned roses won't bloom for themselves and that's part of the Carter program. But also in Alice's world, eventually there was a great awakening and she dismissed the whole court of creatures, complaining, entirely justly, that they were nothing but a pack of cards.

The incompetence campaign, which worked superbly in Iowa and the rural South, where incompetence has always been revered somewhat as insanity was in Catholic cultures of the olden time, is of course based on John Mitchell's famed dictum; judge us not by what we say but by what we do. Carter doesn't actually say he's incompetent; he just demonstrates it every day in every way. It is perhaps worth recalling that not too long after Mitchell enunciated his famed principle, as soon as people took it seriously, he himself ended up in the hoosegow.

I think myself Carter got incompetence as a campaign strategy not from Nixon's Attorney-General, but rather from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The chiefs—as an institution, not as any particular four captains-general—have been living off incompetence for decades. All year every year, their whole argument to the Congress and to their admiring claque in the press has gone, roughly: Boy, did we miss the boat on the missile problem! Gee whillikers, did we get it all wrong on conventional forces! Golly, you'll hardly believe how we've made the crazy choices in favor of battleships instead of tanks.

The next year, in every instance, the confession of military incompetence is reversed: Boy, did we guess wrong on pushing tanks instead of battleships!

And every year, year in and year out, the Joint Chiefs so overwhelm the appropriate and appropriation committees with their confessions of their own ineptitude that the committees can do nothing but shower the Chiefs with money. It's been going on now at least as long as the Cold War, conceivably may go back to the days of those wooden tanks when it turned out, after all, that the tanks would have to be made of steel.

Anyway, there is no confession of incompetence that hasn't brought the Chiefs the money to go and be incompetent again. Carter is clearly counting on borrowing the technique and the results from his best buddies in gov., and who can say he's wrong. FRANK GETLEIN

Of several minds: *Abigail McCarthy*

THE IDEAL & THE ISSUE

FACING REALITY IN HELPING FAMILIES

THERE WAS an element of desperation in the protest of the presidential candidate's wife to the trendy young woman interviewing her. "You don't understand my life at all! You can't seem to understand it. I can understand yours because I know so many young people, but you don't understand mine." Barbara Bush, wife of the Republican contender for the presidential nomination, was reacting with near exasperation to the reporter's persistent and repetitious questioning of what people today call her "lifestyle."

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What couldn't the interviewer understand? That Mrs. Bush had married young, had been married to the same man for thirty-four years, that she had had no career other than wifehood, rearing her children and performing the civic and volunteer duties associated with marriage to a prominent man. And that, furthermore, she insisted that she was fulfilled by that career, and, more, had grown and developed in capability and independence as a result of it.

Odds are that the interviewer was being deliberately provocative. Surely she must have known that the role which Barbara Bush had accepted and enjoyed has been considered the normal role in the family for a woman throughout most of American history; that it is considered the ideal role by those who push for legislation to strengthen and support the family in our culture. And yet—one realized it with a start—Mrs. Bush *is* almost unique in her experience among this year's presidential candidates' wives. Even Rosalynn Carter has, as she puts it, "always worked"—in the family businesses, it is true, but still outside the home. For varied reasons other wives have been so troubled in the role that they have had to resort to extreme measures to recover from alcoholism. Still others are the second wives of divorced men and were career women before their marriages. One former candidate has no wife at all. Thus, the projection of family life in America at the highest and most visible level is no longer that of the enduring monogamous family with the father as breadwinner, mother as homemaker. Men presenting themselves as choices for the presidency include those with troubled families, those who are divorced, those who prefer an alternative "lifestyle." The fact that this inclusion is made with so little offense to the national sensibilities shows how far we have come from what was once the national ideal. Do not misunderstand me. The ideal persists. For the majority, one suspects, it is still the ideal. But there are many, like the young reporter, to whom it is genuinely puzzling.

The presidential variations from the ideal are only the tip of the iceberg. Can we then base our plans for public policy and legislation on that ideal family? This is at the heart of the struggle for delegates in the three regional meetings which comprise the White House Conference on the Family this year. It may well be that they are right who feel, as do the American bishops, that the departure from what was the ideal norm stems from the fact that the family has not been properly sustained and nourished in public policy.

"The test of how we value the family is whether we are willing to foster, in government and business, in urban planning and farm policy, in education, health care, in the arts and sciences, in our total social and cultural environment, moral values which nourish the primary relationships of husbands, wives, and children and make authentic family life possible," says the administrative board of the United States Catholic Conference in listing the issues Catholics should consider in making choices in this campaign year of 1980. The conference sees a practical application of the ideal in programs and policies relating to housing, employment, food, education, health care, human rights, and the family farm.

"Families, especially those whose influence is lessened by poverty, or social status, must be allowed their rightful input in these decisions which affect their daily lives," the statement continues.

Well and good. But the underlying assumption that family policy deals with the whole, unbroken and permanent family is making political choice difficult. (One has the sad feeling that to attain or to restore the ideal—"to nourish the primary relationships of husbands, wives, and children," to make "authentic family life" possible, we would have to step back a hundred years in time and begin again.) What of other families—families which are not even given the dignity of definition in this formulation? Must we not deal with what *is*?

Margaret Adams, senior national affairs editor of a family magazine, testifying at the preliminary hearings of the Pennsylvania Forum on Families gives dimension to the problem by explaining her personal situation. A woman of 55, she works as much because she *must*, she says, as because she enjoys working, in order to support her two fatherless sons "who have been twice bereft of their father's presence within their once ideal family existence—first through divorce, and, shortly thereafter, because of his death." In addition, because of the earlier deaths of a brother and sister, she finds herself the one remaining child of aging parents. These parents, entering their eighties, have nine grandchildren in three single-parented families. They find themselves called upon for emotional and financial assistance, and part-time child care as well, in a decade of their lives in which, according to the ideal and the words of scripture, they should have been able to count the blessings of children and children's children.

In addition to the strain of this situation, Margaret Adams and her parents are anguished by the knowledge "that the children of the broken homes of today will be hard-put to establish traditionally stable, well-balanced families tomorrow." There is further anguish in knowing that these children find themselves "scarred by the subtle mark of *inferiority* that a tradition-bound society inflicts upon *all* children who, quite naturally through death, have one parent or none, or through divorce, have 'non-traditional' parents to see them through their childhood or early adulthood." Single parents—often made so by cruel circumstance—work as hard as traditional parents to rear their children in dignity and decency. They need child-care centers, tax relief, part-time and flexi-time working hours, community centers for after-school recreation, scholarships, and safer, better schools and better programs for the aged for whom they are also responsible.

The fear is, of course, that we are breeding people who, like Mrs. Bush's trendy interviewer, no longer value the traditional or understand it. Agreed, we have come a startlingly long way from the ideal—so far that there are many who do not accept it as the ideal. But political choice must be made on the basis of practical reality and justice for all—that is, for each and every person whatever his or her family constellation. Everyone belongs to the human family—the family of God.

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

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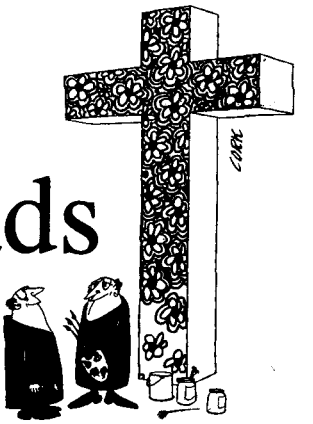
Eggheads, pumpkin heads & liturgical popularism



DAVID K. O'ROURKE

HARDLY A DAY goes by but that the mail brings another encouragement to liturgical adventure: throat-conformed candles for the feast of St. Blaise; ("contact with comfort"); programs for teaching seven-year-olds how to write Eucharistic prayers; patterns for wear-a-prayer vestments, whatever they are. One inventive soul, obviously post-Whittaker Chambers, suggested the perfect liturgy in preparation for All Saints—stuffing hand-written prayers to your favorite saints into the Hallowe'en pumpkins set around the altar.

It is easy to mock and thus to dismiss these attempts at ecclesiastical kitsch, attempts that assume that children are as dense as their parents are dotty. What is not so easy to dismiss is the orientation of the liturgy today which gives rise to these caricatures. The reforms initiated by the Council have led to the development of an American liturgy, parts of it the results of the reform, parts not. But all of it has a common and identifiable shape. With the recent announcement that the American bishops' Committee on the Liturgy is to begin a three-year evaluation of this new liturgy I believe that an attempt to label it is timely.

Not too long ago one of our local antinomians, giving the city's parishes their semi-annual second chance while our neighboring seminary chapels were down for semester break, told me that he would probably go back to the chapels because I had "an inadequate theewee." Not knowing what he meant but fearing he might be right I promised to "give that some thought," which, around 3AM, led me to realize that he was talking about a theory. Because our new liturgy was produced as the result of so much hope and effort I believe that it would be wrong to offer a criticism without, as our young man suggested, an adequate theory. My premise concerns the popularism of the new, American liturgy. Principally, I think that the Mass is more communal and certainly more popular than in the past. The communal quality is evident, but I suspect that the popularism is both less evident and much more significant than is generally recognized. Travels through the country confirm the impression that this popular-communal orientation is common. Obviously it has its good points. No one would seriously propose that we go back to the liturgy of the clerical elite. It also has its drawbacks. It addresses itself to an overly narrow group of our Catholic people, in the process missing some significant groups. Among those not addressed by the new liturgy are our intellectuals.

I hesitate to use the word intellectual. It sounds elitist. It can suggest the individual whose learning might set him above the rest of humankind. Even more, it can suggest a class, a group of people whose turn of mind gives them a claim to special treatment. In this context it is hard to avoid using the word intellectual without connoting a kind of snobbery, and that is not what I intend.

Rather, by intellectual I refer to people who, be it by innate ability, or by osmosis, or through good preaching and ministry, or education, have come to understand the church, its life and its belief, and who value this understanding. I refer to the people for whom ideas are important, who look at the world around them, and their church, evaluatively, and who try to use intelligent and consistent norms in their evaluations. For these people the life of the church in all its aspects is part of a living tradition that admits of being parsed. For these people, I suspect, the effort involved in knowing about the church is an important part of their spiritual lives.

I suspect that there are many more of these people in our church pews than we think. Recently, during the meditation period following Communion, I was looking out into my congregation, and chance seating had arranged an imposing group of men and women before me. In that congregation were several individuals whose minds, scholarship and creative efforts have benefited the church on an international level, and an even larger number, including teachers and theologians, who contribute significantly to the life of the church in our own area. In addition there were a number of men and women, not

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professionally involved in the work of the church, but very much, and thoughtfully, involved in its life. It struck me that the basic shape of the new American liturgy does not have people like this in mind. There is a gap between the spiritual needs of our intellectuals and the liturgies we serve up in most of our churches.

IT MAY BE tempting to add facetious remarks about that morning's liturgy, but that would be to miss the point. Indeed, the liturgy was well done. The readings were prepared and well read, the theologically rich homily brought compliments from a number of people afterwards, the prayers of petition were appropriate, and the music, both from the choir and congregation, unusually well done.

The problem lies in the structure of the liturgy, both the official structure and its unofficial but common American overlay. To begin with, the new liturgy is structurally more dialectic than the old, with the several parts of the congregation in dialogue with each other. All liturgy, past and present, is a social process, but the new liturgy is a social process focused primarily on the congregation itself. I suspect that the theologians who designed the new liturgy would agree with this view, and probably take it as a compliment. That is what they were trying to accomplish. Following the lead of the Council they were attempting to emphasize the presence of Christ in the world and the continuation and embodiment of Christ's presence in and through the community, especially the community at worship. The sets of dialogue in the course of the liturgy, such as the penitential rite, the public prayers of petition, the acclamations, and the sign of peace are examples of this principle in action.

The problem with this is that the intellectual does not function solely by means of a dialogue with the community around him or her. There is an important inner process, what could be called a dialogue with himself. And there is the dialogue with God. What we, the rest of us, receive from the intellectual in large part is the fruit of those dialogues, the conclusions. We do not always share in the processes.

Furthermore, we need those conclusions, we need the result of that private dialogue. We in the church lean heavily on the conclusions of our intellectuals. Many a reform movement in the church has been built on prayerful and thoughtful evaluations of the way things ought to be. The conscience of the church begins its movement frequently in our intellectuals' inner, private dialogues.

When the intellectuals also happen to be scholars our need for and dependence on that inner process are especially acute. In fairness to them we should try to nourish their spiritual lives. But even if we do not see ourselves as having a responsibility to support their spiritual processes, then we should at least be smart enough to have our collective self-interest come into play in their support.

In addition to the dialectic process in the liturgy, we have developed a practice in the American liturgy which is common and, I believe, harmful. The liturgy has become a stage for the individual. This was not intended in the liturgical reform and it is not built into the new liturgy, at least not to the extent that it is realized. But it is an outgrowth of the popular dimension that is a part of the liturgy.

The style and manner of the new rubrics, or directions for celebrating the revised Mass (and they are printed in the missal the priest uses) are not all that different from those in the old liturgy. The presuppositions about the person of the priest as he celebrates the liturgy are much the same as they were in earlier times. But the rubrics notwithstanding, there is a major difference in the liturgy as it is celebrated. The new liturgy makes much of the person of the priest.

The liturgy as it is taught and celebrated in these parts (Berkeley and the surrounding area is home to one of the country's largest theological training centers) emphasizes the person of the priest frequently in an idiosyncratic way. It is a curious fact that in this age when we are stressing team ministry we are witnessing the development of a style of ministry that draws on the individual priest's personal resources in a singular way and much less on the office and function of the priesthood.

We are witnessing the development of a priestly style in which the celebrant is expected to be able to ad lib in the fixed parts of the Mass as well as in those where he is expected to be adaptive. At ordinations to the diaconate and priesthood, which usually involve a large number of concelebrants along with the ordaining bishop, the stoles worn by many of the priests are flamboyant to the point that they seem to be saying, "Look at me." In short, like the double-knit TV evangelists with the styled hair-do's and the slick white shoes, the priest is expected to be a showman. Nor is this singularity the preserve of the liberal. The showman with an antiquarian's penchant has a storehouse of properties at his disposal. I have witnessed some bizarre liturgies whose purpose seemed to be the display of tired junk from dusty sacristies.

IS IT FAIR to lay this problem at the feet of the liturgy's new popularism and, if so, how does this affect the intellectual? I think it is fair. I believe that the cause is the current and increasing need to establish credibility. People need to find their church credible, and for many people this need for credibility has been focused on the clergy, on the single priest's ability to put on a good show. One genuinely pious and religious man commented to me that he liked to attend Father W's liturgies because "he does Mass real nice." And in this day of the increasing need to earn a congregation it doesn't hurt to be thought of as a priest who does Mass real nice.

The intellectual, on the other hand, does not focus his or her credibility issues on the single priest celebrating the liturgy. This is but one part, albeit an important one, of a broader area of focus. The intellectual, I believe, needs to find the church's worship, as a whole, meaningful; its social policies cogent and effective; its leadership believable. In this context the individual priest does not loom so large, except for the priest who is on stage, and he can get in the way of the individual's participation in the liturgy. If I read the situation correctly though perhaps with a sense of metaphor, the intellectual is

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there consciously taking a pilgrim's part in one moment of an on-going tradition, a tradition, which, I find, many people understand. He is not there to be a spectator to a one-man show.

A deepening of the communal nature of the liturgy does not require that the minister of the liturgy put on a show. Nor does it require that his person be stressed. To the contrary there is a deep and ancient tradition in the church which asks the clergy to make a concerted effort to subordinate their own persons to the Gospels, the offices they hold and the roles they fulfill, and to do this as an act of asceticism that is basic to their lives. In the rule of St. Augustine, a medieval creation despite its name and which has been incorporated into the groundwork of a number of religious orders, the religious and priests are instructed to stand out by the goodness of their lives, not because of their dress. The problem is obviously not a new one.

Granting that this popular-communal direction in the liturgy is a reality and not my own particular fantasy, and that it limits the usefulness of the liturgy for intellectuals, what can be done about it? I suspect that the most useful direction we could follow would be an effort to symbolize the transcendent, using the new liturgy to do so. Liturgy, our communal worship, is supposed to help us go beyond the world of our own making, a world by definition as limited as are we, and place us in contact with an eternal world. And it is to do so in helping us grasp that the quality of our relationship with God is established by the quality of our relationships with the people around us. It is rooted very much in who and what we are, but it is also supposed to relate this to a God who is not our own creation.

Our popular and communal liturgy is not only not transcendent but seems to have the effect of focusing attention on the people in the liturgy. A liturgy which is centered primarily on any of the persons presenting it or involved in it is not apt to lead anyone to God. That movement beyond the community to God, without denying the presence of God in the community, is necessary for a full religious life for anyone, not just the intellectual. One of the liturgy's chief purposes is to serve as a transcendent symbol.

As I write this I am reminded of Abigail McCarthy's comment on my last article in *Commonweal* [Sept. 15, 1978]—"Here's where I came in"—and admit that we may well wonder whether this is saying something other than that the new liturgy is not as transcendent or reverent as the old. I believe it is saying something more. People have a basic need for the transcendent. If they do not have what is truly transcendent they will create spiritual counterfeits. The church in the past has tried to present its faith using transcendent symbols. There is no good reason why we cannot have contemporary liturgy which pulls together the needs of people today with what is timeless.

THE OLD LITURGY, incidentally, is no solution to the problem. For whatever reason it no longer functions; we have left it behind us. I have witnessed attempts to recapture the transcendent by using the old liturgy and they ended up being no more than movements into magic. Ritual and transcendence are not co-extensive, and non-transcendent ritual is probably an important ingredient in magic. There is a difference between a heavily ritualized and spooky liturgy and one which conveys the message that there really is a God at the other end of the prayers and rites.

Today we see some of our Catholic people moving into magic in a way which indicates that we are failing in our liturgy. I recall a situation in which a group of charismatic Catholics were asking that they be blessed by the small group of priests who were praying with them. Initially I was moved by their sincerity and faith. Not too many people today have that kind of faith that leads them to ask the blessing of a priest. Then I noticed that they were seeking the blessing of one priest in particular, and upon investigation it became clear that they thought he had more power than the others. In retrospect this seems about as transcendent as a triple martini.

Recently I was approached by a young man I can describe only as a "Berkeley type." He said that he had a medal he wanted me to bless. As he was fishing it out of his pocket he glanced sideways at the medal and asked, "Will it work?" "What, the medal?" I asked. "No, the blessing." Somewhat non-plussed I said that I didn't know, but then had the happy thought, "Do you want to give it a try?" He said, no, that he wanted something guaranteed to work. "What have you got that will make a blessing take?" Things were beginning to seem funny by now, so I tried to think of something appropriate to the situation and said, "Feathers." I should have known better. "What kind of feathers you got?" "Hawk feathers," I fibbed, hoping that this would not go much further. He studied me for a few moments and said, "Hawks are no use. I think I'll keep looking for someone with the right feathers."

Today we celebrate liturgies that have lost a sense of the transcendent. As a result we have people looking, like this young man, for the right kind of feathers, or for a priest with the power. Hand-wringing or mourning the past, or even trying to recapture the past, are all efforts to no good purpose. More to the purpose is a conscious and definite effort to rework the liturgy so that it be transcendent, an effort to use symbols that function in a transcendent way. Granted, this is easier said than done. But in the church we have long recognized the principle that the transcendent can be symbolized, and we have symbolized it. We have symbolized it well and effectively, and there is no good reason to assume that we no longer can. We have symbolized it by the willingness of Catholics to live

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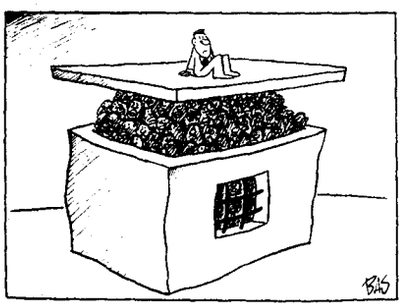
by transcendent values and have that willingness show, and we have done it by asking unusually creative individuals to benefit the church with their creativity. For some reason we seem reluctant to do either today.

This reluctance, however, seems primarily a clergy problem and is not based on an unwillingness on the part of the people. Recently I asked an artist of some note for his help, and I admit that I did so with quaking knees, for his fees were said to be as great as his reputation. To my surprise he was touched that his work should be used in the liturgy, asking only that the integrity of his designs be respected. Last year I had a Mass composed for the 500th anniversary of the birth of St. Thomas More. The composer and I both wanted it to be a Mass fully within the norms of the new liturgy, and in preparation decided that it would be good to see how other composers are dealing with the new liturgy. We discovered that, for all practical purposes, they are not writing integral works for the liturgy, and are not doing so because no one is asking them to. There are single hymns and settings for different parts of the liturgy, but there is little effort being directed toward creating musically integrated liturgies, rather than the spare-parts-specials we have today. We also discovered that there are good composers who would be honored to be asked to compose for the new liturgy.

In my youth, I recall, my Protestant friends might comment that, "Church was good today" or not, depending on the situation. I used to wonder how church could be good or bad—church was church. Now I know. Church becomes good or bad when the focus is on the show and not on the relationship with God. Considering the clergy's skill as showmen we are well advised to avoid the stage or run the risk of becoming peddlers of kitsch. Our liturgy has the potential for making the transcendent real in our lives. The liturgy has symbolized the transcendent in the past, and has done so because of human desire and effort that it should do so. There is no good reason why we cannot realize that same potential today.



CHOICES FOR BRAZIL—I

Democracy or dictatorship

DENIS GOULET

A year ago, when João Baptista de Oliveira Figueiredo, a former director of Brazil's National Intelligence Service, became the fifth general to wear the presidential mantle since the coup of March 31, 1964, he vowed to speed up the process of political "decompression." Recent changes in Brazil's political landscape give opposition groups hope that in fact, once underway, "decompression" may escape the military's intention to keep it under tight control. Dissident leaders continue to return home after 15 years of enforced exile. Censorship of the press has been almost totally lifted. Student organizations, labor unions, and opposition church groups now act with little fear of government reprisals. Amnesty is to be extended to most persons whose political rights had been stripped since 1964. And many in the business community are turning against the very government they long backed as their bulwark against labor unrest, ideological subversion, and assaults upon their economic privileges.

Until 1974 the dictatorship neutralized critics by arguing that it was "delivering the economic goods" to the nation, even though the poorest masses were suffering greatly. It can no longer make this claim, however: foreign indebtedness, huge trade imbalances, and rising inflation place the government on shaky ground even in purely economic terms. It is significant that privileged upper and middle classes, many of whom are now earning more money than ever before, also feel insecure. They fret over the nation's increasing vulnerability to external forces which the government cannot control: inflation and uncertainties in global markets, oil dependency, political upheavals in other countries, and the unpredictable effect on Latin America of alterations in U.S. policy toward the Third World or the Soviet Union. Oil dependency is a special problem. Brazil imports 960,000 barrels of oil daily which, added to domestic production of 180,000 barrels is, in the words of Almeida Costa, President of the National Petroleum Council, "barely enough to meet current demands." In December alone the price of oil rose fifty-two percent and that of electricity fifty-three percent. Like the government, Brazil's privileged classes worry about just how far "decompression" can be controlled.

The central question of course is, will the transition now in progress lead to a true democratization of the political process, or only to refinement of the dictatorship? The regime searches frantically for ways to chart a narrow course between excessive repression which would merely strengthen the opposition

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and, conversely, too much tolerance which would allow the opposition to wrest power from its hands. Many of the immediate issues as well as the general problems of Brazilian political life can best be seen against the background of this delicate navigational effort.

A major weapon in the government's war on the opposition is its bill to reconstitute multiple political parties. Ironically, it is the government itself which dissolved all prior political parties and, in 1966, created a dual structure to take their place: ARENA (Alliance for National Renewal), the official government party, and the MDB (Brazilian Movement for Democracy), meant to be a powerless window-dressing opposition party. In late November the Figueiredo regime abolished ARENA and MDB and set ground rules for the creation of new parties. Congress has raised objections, however, and at this writing the issue is still pending. The new plan, in any case, is designed to split the opposition and to entice moderate opposition elements to pass over to government ranks.

Among the government's old political enemies now returning to Brazil are such diverse personalities as: Leonel Brizola, former governor of Rio Grande do Sul, deputy from the (now extinct) state of Guanabara and brother-in-law of deposed President João Goulart; Miguel Arraes, ex-governor of Pernambuco; Paulo Freire, radical pedagogue of popular liberation; Luis Carlos Prestes, aging leader of the Brazilian Communist party; Marcio Moreira Alves, former journalist and congressman; and Francisco Julião, founder of Northeast Brazil's Peasant Leagues. Others, like Celso Furtado, the world-renowned economist and former director of the Northeast Development Agency, have been free to visit Brazil in the past, but have now resumed an active role in public affairs. Figueiredo's advisers are gambling that old political leaders will generate turmoil as they struggle to rally their former clienteles around their names. And because it is losing the battle to contain galloping inflation, the government is relaxing censorship; greater tolerance is the minimum concession it must make to an impatient public. Figueiredo also hopes to please the grumbling middle and upper classes by promising to cancel the monetary deposit (approximately $1,000 interest-free and frozen for one year) required of travelers leaving the country. Brazil's military rulers are even willing to return the country to civilian rule provided they can guide the transition toward the choice of "safe" politicians.

The opposition's strategy, in turn, is to defuse the government's cooptation efforts and to press for free state elections in 1982 and a presidential vote in 1985. The opposition is heterogeneous, comprising several factions within the MDB, a large industrial labor union movement, dissident Christian bodies (some 35 percent of Brazilian bishops and over three thousand grass-roots community organizations known as "comunidades de base"), growing sectors of the business and professional classes, and most of the artistic and journalistic communities. All know they must act prudently to avoid fragmentation and to buy time to forge new alliances which can be programmatically viable and electorally efficient by appealing to large numbers of citizens grown politically apathetic since 1964.

Brazil's political evolution will depend largely on its labor movement leaders. One union leader has emerged as a strong political force: Luís Inácio da Silva, better known as "Lula" and President of the Metalworkers' Union of São Bernardo do Campo in São Paulo state. How the working classes will define their political allegiances is complicated by the return and political re-emergence of Leonel Brizola. Brizola is trying to recapture his former PTB (Brazilian Workers' Party) clientele, but many Brazilian analysts doubt whether he can become a constructive political force. They fear he will revert to "Brizolismo," that is, to demagogic manipulation of labor support, not around constructive programs, but around the building up of his own personal influence. Figueiredo clearly hopes that by creating multiple parties and allowing old labor politicians to return, the labor opposition will be rent asunder.

Amnesty is another issue around which the government seeks to divide the opposition. Figueiredo insists that a small number of "terrorists and subversives" be excluded from his amnesty proposal and labeled common criminals rather than political prisoners. As it turns out, however, only a small number of persons are excluded from his offer, though exactly how many is a matter of dispute. For Celso Furtado limited amnesty is age discrimination against those who, in the dictatorship's later years, had no choice but to take up arms against repression since all other avenues to express dissent had been blocked by the government. The regime has no reason to fear the release of a few "subversives" on national security grounds, but it needs to score political points over its critics. The president seeks to defuse criticism and maintain leverage by suggesting that, at some later date, he may grant an indult to the excluded prisoners. Legally, however, an indult

Gary Zebrun

Discovery (for John and Barbara)

It happened. That's all we know.
One morning hiking up Blue Trail,
she said, "Look, the skunk cabbage,

a flower's there beneath the stem." With binoculars,
I saw what she had found, the first spring lily,
shaded as if already it were tired of the sun.

For a half frozen heart, wondering whether spring
were some enormous lie, I was surprised.
Just then the withered leaves of last fall,

uncovered by the melted snow, crackled.
And these dead leaves and lilies on the ground
provide, I thought, our metaphors of change;

and while I dreamed about our deaths,
huge vicissitudes, she noticed a hepatica.
"Look," she called, "beneath the beech!"

I looked: the hepatica, the lily, and our deaths,
all one wonder tangled in the leaves.

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places the individuals in question on parole: the government remains judge of the extent to which they can return to normal political activity. And many observers think that the government grants only partial amnesty so as to mollify hardliners within its own ranks.

Another topic of heated national debate is the danger posed by foreign investment. Will it undermine Brazil's capacity to exercise sovereign control over its own economic resources? The most disturbing case in point is the "Jari Project" in the Amazon Region. Owned by Daniel Ludwig, a legendary 83-year-old American billionaire, Jari straddles the state of Para and the Territory of Amapa, covering 37,000 square kilometers, an area larger than Belgium or the Netherlands. In fourteen years Ludwig has built several new cities (including one with 10,000 inhabitants), hydro-electric plants and cellulose factories assembled in Japan and towed to the Amazon, mines, ports, railroads (46 kilometers), roads (4,800 kilometers), beef cattle and buffalo ranches, forests, and farms (mainly rice—with an annual production of 140,000 tons). Some $700-800 million (U.S.), or 5 percent of Brazil's annual export figure, have been invested. Visible benefits take the form, among others, of 750 tons of cellulose daily. Jari is, manifestly, an "imperial" enclave accused by restless nationalists of diluting Brazil's economic sovereignty and of "exploiting" resources for the benefit of outsiders. As the Amazon's largest employer, the Jari Project provides jobs to some 10,000 workers. When public criticism of working conditions mounted, however, the company tightened supervision over labor contractors supplying workers from neighboring states.

The ultimate character of "decompression" also depends on the political initiatives coming from the different regions. All observers identify São Paulo state as the nation's undisputed political nerve center. It is the only state with enough resources to achieve its goals without depending heavily on federal funding. More importantly, the state possesses great civic spirit: the area as a whole defends itself by mobilizing press, business, students, unions, church groups, and local politicians against federal encroachments. This is a capacity which Rio Grande do Sul lacks, notwithstanding its traditional ability to organize politically in the defense of state interests. Mobilization in Rio Grande do Sul does not engage all sectors of the society; moreover, the state lacks the resource base and independent capacity to enforce its will against the federal government. As for Rio de Janeiro state, it too is unable to defend itself against federal encroachments. Owing to its national leadership and status as a former capital, it has always lived under closer military surveillance than that imposed on other states. More importantly, Rio possesses few resources of its own, has no independent university, and only a small and poor agricultural hinterland.

Many Brazilian commentators regard Delfim Netto, the new Minister of Planning and a native of São Paulo, as the strongest potential civilian presidential aspirant, although some military men distrust him, and his electoral ambitions (never avowed) are being openly undermined by São Paulo's governor, Paulo Maluf. Delfim Netto also lacks a broad base of political support, having made many enemies in his previous stint as a "technocratic" finance minister.

Uncertainties are compounded because a whole generation of Brazilian youth since 1964 has been politically castrated and possesses little capacity to think creatively in the public forum. In a recent opinion survey among high school and university students, only a tiny percentage of those queried could identify Getulio Vargas, Brazil's charismatic president (1930-45 and again 1951-4). Enough older politicians and intellectuals survive, however, to help the Left make the present transition. Brazil's political salvation rests heavily on this older generation, although its ranks have obviously been reinforced by younger leaders like Marcos Freire, "Lula," Fernando Cardoso, and Jarbas Vasconcellos.

What turn will Brazilian politics take in the near future? In a study published last November by the International Foundation for Development Alternatives, the São Paulo sociologist Paulo Singer offers three alternative political scenarios for the next twenty years.

The first, or "military-technocratic" option, assumes that the present stewards of political power will remain in the saddle for the next two decades. If this happens, Brazil's integration to global capitalism will become more pronounced and the nation's main economic goals will become: to maximize growth (with little regard for equity), to stabilize prices, to balance payments, and to accumulate private capital. Singer projects that political contours would be marked by continued military control over the choice of state governors and that opposition forces would be given a voice but not power, and lesser electoral offices would continue to depend on the federal presidency.

A second possibility, he argues, is the "democratic-populist" scenario. Power would rest with a coalition of reconstituted political parties, labor unions, intellectuals, and technocrats (including progressive military) based on electoral majorities backed up by the armed forces. The chief aims of economic policy would be: to reinforce Brazil's competitive stance in the face of multinational competitors, to redistribute income, and to maximize growth. Price stability and balance of payments would be relegated to a secondary plane, unless inflation and/or balance-of-payments deficits got out of hand. Foreign policy would be militantly pro-Third World and Brazil would seek economic integration with other (preferably Latin American) countries in order to weaken U.S., European, and Japanese competitors.

Singer's third scenario is democratic socialism, with power held by an amalgam of working-class parties drawing support from non-party groups such as religious movements, unions, cooperatives, and discriminated minorities. Central decision-making would emanate from directly elected councils with local power exercised by direct participation in assemblies. Under this hypothesis, even officers of the armed forces would be elected and advised by appointed experts, and far-reaching decentralization of power would rest on generalized self-management of communes, enterprises, schools, hospitals, and churches. Economic policy would em-

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phasize raising general levels of consumption of basic goods, reducing the time spent in non-creative work, allowing all workers to perform intellectual tasks, and sharing in all levels of decision-making. The elimination of unemployment, idle capacity, and resource waste would become subordinate aims. External debts would be liquidated.

I regard Singer's first two scenarios as far more realistic than the third. To evoke Kenneth Boulding's image, Brazil may already have "missed the socialist bus" because, to switch metaphors, too much water has flowed over capitalist dams since 1964 to render a socialist model highly plausible. Nevertheless, historical accidents, both outside and within Brazil, might unexpectedly create pre-revolutionary conditions in which Brazil's majorities would rally behind radical systemic change.

A more probable outcome, in my view, is some hybrid of the first two scenarios. I doubt that the military will accept complete political disenfranchisement even if it returns power to civilian hands. Moreover, civilian rule based on the coalitions described in the second option would necessarily entail considerable income redistribution, heightened nationalism in economic and political affairs, and considerable change in Brazil's social structure as well.

To answer the initial question—will democracy gain sway, or will the dictatorship only be refined?—I think democracy has the better chance. For many years, however, it will be a timid democracy saddled with a residual military veto power over normal political processes. The exercise of the veto will be all the more tempting to the military to the degree that measures taken by a democratic-populist government appear too "socialist" in nature.

If this forecast appears too hybrid and messy to satisfy those devoted to pure models, so be it. In too many Latin American countries we have witnessed, to quote one Argentine sociologist, "a permanent political tie-game no matter how many overtimes are played." These are settings in which competing political actors are strong enough to prevent others from ruling, but too weak to rule themselves or to impose their programs. Even Brazil, with all its economic dynamism and political sophistication, is not immune to this destiny.

CHOICES FOR BRAZIL—II

Genocide in the jungle

ROBERT WASSERSTROM

LAST NOVEMBER 14, several prominent anthropologists and American Indian leaders called a press conference in Washington to publicize one of the least hopeful causes they had yet championed: the plight of Yanomamo Indians in northern Brazil. Joined by Isabel Letelier (wife of assassinated Chilean ambassador Orlando Letelier), they explained that the Yanomamo—a group of 17,000 Indians who live on both sides of the Brazilian-Venezuelan border—faced imminent extinction at the hands of mineral prospectors with strong ties to such multi-nationals as U.S. Steel, Alcan, Reynolds Aluminum, and Hanna Mining. Lost between the hostages in Iran and the high cost of heating oil, genocide in the jungle—and the role of U.S. corporations there—didn't make the front pages.

That genocide is taking place against Indians in Brazil (whose numbers have decreased in this century from one million to perhaps 120,000) cannot easily be disputed. As early as November, 1971, a group of Roman Catholic bishops denounced the extermination of native people in the Amazon. Within a few months, such charges were repeated by Apoena Meirelles, an official of the National Indian Foundation (FUNAI, Brazil's Bureau of Indian Affairs). Describing conditions on the Aripuanã reservation, which had been invaded by various mining firms, he wrote that "In less than four years, the lands of the Cintas Largas and Surui [tribes] have been dismembered. Epidemics have already left their mark, and the tribes have taken the first steps down the long road to misery, hunger and the prostitution of their women. . . ." Almost simultaneously, another senior Indian agent, Antonio Cotrim Soares, quit his job after watching native people along the expanding frontier go blind from venereal diseases or die of the flu. "I am tired," he declared in a highly-publicized interview, "of being the Indians' grave-digger." Unfortunately, Cotrim's gesture appears to have had little effect on official policy: in the past decade, twenty-six tribes—including at least 30,000 people—have been completely destroyed; pehaps an equal number are currently undergoing rapid disintegration.

Stories of this kind sound so depressingly familiar; Indian policy in Brazil often recalls the worst moments of our own obsession with Manifest Destiny. Responding to questions about his treatment of the Yanomamo, for example, the gover-

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nor of Roraima territory declared recently that "an area as rich as this—with gold, diamonds and uranium—cannot afford the luxury of conserving half a dozen Indian tribes which are holding back the development of Brazil." Similar sentiments have dominated public discussion of the "indigenous question" in all segments of Brazilian society. Nor are such views likely to change in the near future: upon becoming "superminister" in the new government a few months ago, Delfim Netto described his political and economic program in absolutely unequivocal terms—"Development above all else."

TO SPECIALISTS WHO have followed Brazil's economic miracle during the past few years, such events have come as no surprise. On the contrary, they may be traced back to 1970, when President Garrastazu Médici announced his Plan for National Integration—a massive program to transport landless peasants from the poverty-stricken Northeast to Amazonia. Borrowing large sums of money from foreign banks, he began to construct the three-thousand-mile-long Trans-Amazon Highway. Simultaneously, he authorized a government agency, the Institute for Agrarian Reform and Colonization (INCRA) to offer potential settlers a house, provisional title to 250 acres of land and a grubstake of six months' wages. All together, over $1 billion was allocated to these schemes, which it was hoped would eventually involve upwards of five million homesteaders. Unfortunately, initial results were not encouraging: within a few years, scientists such as Robert Goodland of Cary Aboretum and Howard Irwin of the New York Botanical Garden reported that in many places the thin Amazonian soils, stripped of their protective covering, had completely washed away. Faced with renewed famine, desperate colonists simply abandoned their homesteads and returned to the Northeast or squatted illegally on more fertile lands. But by that time the idea of taming the jungle had caught hold in official circles, indeed had become a useful way of distracting attention from more visible social and economic problems.

By that time, too, other changes were in the wind. Beginning in 1970, the Brazilian government had asked Litton Industries and Goodyear Corporation to undertake Project RADAM, a detailed inventory of mineral, hydraulic, and biotic resources throughout the Amazon. Within three years, it had become obvious that the region was littered with high-grade deposits of tin, bauxite, iron, manganese, even gold. Naturally, multinational firms from around the world expressed immediate interest in working these deposits, which often lay on Indian lands or in territory which had been provisionally granted to homesteaders. For its part, the state-owned mining company, Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD), announced that it would be happy to join such firms in financing and adminstering their Brazilian operations. In fact, during the late 1960s, CVRD had already set up a joint venture with U.S. Steel to mine ore on 400,000 acres of land in the Serra dos Carajas area. To facilitate operations of this sort, successive military governments had weakened the country's mineral code (which originally limited the size of mining concessions to 12,500 acres) so that by 1969 a single company could exploit 125,000 acres in its own name and 75,000 more through its subsidiaries. Given these enticements, and given CVRD's willingness to share the costs of exploration, virtually "every major metals company in the industrialized world" (as the *New York Times* put it) set up shop in the Amazon. The question of who owned the land, they felt, and of Indian rights was not their affair.

Nor did this situation improve after 1974, when President Ernesto Geisel scrapped the plans his predecessors had devised for the region and unveiled a new project of his own: the Polamazônia Program. Faced with a burgeoning foreign debt and an overheated economy, Geisel and his advisors saw the Amazon not as a dumping ground for landless peasants but rather as a major pole of renewed economic growth. In this respect, they were encouraged by the fact that a number of entrepreneurs had already set up enormous estates to produce beef for export to the United States and Europe. In one area, for example, Volkswagen had bought 56,000 acres of virgin land which it had reportedly doused with 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T (Agent Orange, the defoliant used in Vietnam) to speed the transition from forest to pastureland. So, too, did Swift-Armour, which apparently was not concerned about polluting the streams that ran through the neighboring Kaapör reservation. At the same time, American financial wizard Daniel K. Ludwig (father of the supertanker) had purchased a ranch the size of Connecticut and had cleared 250,000 acres for cattle production. As it turned out, the jungle was much too valuable to waste on a handful of Indians and on the homesteaders who had moved in among them.

What role did FUNAI, which oversees native affairs and administers the reservations, play in all of these events? According to Brazilian law, the agency's mandate in such matters is particularly unambiguous: "Native land," reads the Indian Statute of 1973, "cannot be the object of leasing or renting or any juridical act or negotiation that restricts the full exercise of direct possession by the native community or forest dweller." In order to safeguard these rights, the statute directs FUNAI to ascertain how many Indians live in the region, where they are located and how much land they require. But like the Bureau of Indian Affairs here, FUNAI is also a branch of the Brazilian Interior Ministry, which bears major responsibility for carrying out the Polamazônia program. In keeping with this dual mission, other sections of the Indian law permit the govern-

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ment to exploit subsoil resources in native areas as long as part of the profits are placed in trust for indigenous people. Not surprisingly, then, FUNAI has shown considerable reluctance to intervene in favor of such people when Indian welfare and development policy conflict—as they did on the Aripuanã reservation. On the contrary, it becomes increasingly clear that the agency's primary task is to manage native groups in behalf of foreign corporations and local business interests.

IT IS PRECISELY for these reasons that anthropologists and Indian leaders here are now concerned about the Yanomamo, who constitute the largest isolated tribal nation in the western hemisphere. Unaccustomed to Western diseases and laissez-faire economics, they find themselves the nominal owners of uranium and cassiterite—valuable minerals which have whetted the appetites of local prospectors and large multi-nationals alike. Rather than help the Yanomamo negotiate a favorable arrangement with these enterprises, however, FUNAI proposes to split them up among twenty-one non-contiguous reserves so small that they would soon be forced to abandon their traditional way of life and take up begging or migrant labor. Opponents of this plan, who include a diversified community of Brazilian scientists, conservationists and church people, argue that it seems calculated principally to make sizable tracts of land available for unhindered mining and to assure the extinction of most Yanomamo. Last June, they presented an alternative program to the government which called for the creation of a large and geographically continuous reservation. At first, they were hopeful that President João Baptista Figueiredo, anxious to establish his credentials as a political moderate, would accept their proposal. But these hopes were shattered in November when the president of FUNAI, a military officer who had shown some sympathy for the idea, was replaced by Col. João Carolso Nobre de Veiga, who had previously served as security director of the state prospecting company.

In a deeper sense, the Yanomamo issue raises fundamental questions not only about the rights of native people but also about the role of U.S. corporations abroad. The Amazon contains one-fifth of the earth's water, one-third of its forests and is thought to contribute half of its yearly oxygen supply. Despite these facts, the Brazilian Institute of Forestry Development calculates that over one million trees are being destroyed each year; during the past decade alone, such destruction has engulfed twenty-four percent of the area. At this rate, the entire jungle will disappear within the next twenty-five or thirty years—an event which could bring about irreversible changes in the earth's climate and ecology. Clearly, decisions of this magnitude must not be left to corporate officers and their friends in local planning ministries. Nor can it be said that poor countries like Brazil cannot afford to worry about such niceties as environmental protection and the survival of archaic ways of life. On the contrary, the real wages of working people in Brazil have declined steadily since the economic miracle began, while infant mortality—a finely-tuned indicator of general social welfare—has risen. The point is that most Brazilians are being forced to pay the tremendous costs of a development policy which serves above all to sustain corporate earnings. And of course, the heaviest burden will fall precisely upon groups like the Yanomamo, who are least able to make themselves heard in political debate. The problem of regulating American business in such circumstances is undoubtedly a complex one, full of pitfalls and international complications. But if reasonable and just solutions cannot be found, then within the next generation we shall all pay a very heavy—indeed unbearable—price.

Television

THE SPORTING LIFE

ABC'S OLYMPIC GAMESMANSHIP

IS IT TRUE that athletics are a metaphor for American Life? It is frequently said that they are, and it may be true. The argument goes that the manners and mores of the sporting world somehow reflect — or, better yet, sublimate — the primeval instincts of Americans.

Perhaps so; perhaps not. Armchair psychoanalysis is usually as wrong as it is right, but it is probably true that television coverage of sports has a more general significance. Television is careful in its cultivation of the audience, much more so than the movies. It may, on social trends, be slightly behind the times and then compensate by opening the floodgates, but in more immediate matters — such as sports — it can gauge the response more quickly, more accurately, and adapt as necessary.

If coverage of the Winter Olympics is any indication of the needs and wants of the sports-viewing public it is difficult to tell what the sports-viewing public wants. For, on the whole, what ABC provided was a keyhole view of the psychology of athletic competition, an inquiry into the mental conditioning of athletes, and the logistics of sport.

As a concert-goer is apt to want to hear the music, it would seem plausible that a sports fan (or any viewer, for that matter) watches the Olympics for simple, perhaps even obvious, reasons. Not so, concluded ABC, and for all I know they may be right. It was apparently not enough to watch the skiers ski or the skaters skate. It was necessary throughout to describe motivation, to draw parallels between personality and performance, to do, in short, nearly everything apart from simple presentation.

ABC, to be sure, is in the business of entertainment, and the length of the games may have mitigated against the intense viewer response any network prefers. But, in pursuit of a workable theme, it is interesting it should have concocted the show that it did. For the most part, this is true of all televised sports: the analysis, the insights, the sheer weight of reportage have long since left the spectacle of the game behind. The

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viewer is no longer treated to action so much as the saga behind the action, which may be — and often is — decidedly without interest. All of this presumes that athletes are more fascinating than athletics, and the Olympics reminded us, if there was ever any doubt, that such an idea is plainly nonsense.

In another sense, ABC made itself the most conspicuous performer in the games. For each event the viewer was reminded of the possible technical means by which it was brought to the screen. Whether through instant replay or slow motion, by means of a camera perched in an unlikely place, or through the good offices of an enterprising interviewer, one always sensed that the Olympics had no life, really, apart from that which ABC gave it.

The logical consequence of this was a tribute the network paid to itself toward the end of the games, wherein half an hour or so was devoted to descriptions and demonstrations of the network's Herculean efforts. In quantitative terms, it was colossal. Film of trucks hauling equipment along winding roads, miles of cable stretching through snowy passes, endless control panels and whirring cameras — all were paraded by the reverential hush, presided over by the thoughtful pipe-smoking spectacle of Roone Arledge, president of ABC Sports, and the cool commander at the helm, directing his troops with calm and resolution.

General Arledge, indeed. We may feel rage about Iran, or outrage about Afghanistan, but on the hockey rink all such matters reduced themselves to simple, nationalistic terms. When the United States defeated the Soviet Union in ice hockey, it was as though the whole moral argument of foreign affairs had been settled on the objective court whose judgment counted.

The TV coverage abetted this, for throughout the games it was the national effort — not the individual — that mattered. The constant tally of U.S. medals and preoccupation with the occasional winners became the viewer's abiding interest. From a journalistic point of view, this largely defeated the point of coverage, for while we followed the exploits of an American finishing seventh, we did so at the expense of foreigners who came in first, second and third. Were we watching to see the Olympics or get a patriotic shot in the arm? It was difficult to tell. Between the network's pride in itself, and its sideline cheerleading, politics, at least, took its rightful place in the doings of the Olympics.

But politics, unfortunately, was not all. Pop psychology has been worming its way into the sporting world, and as a means of making the athletes interesting, it has seen more action than it should. The individual effort took second place to the national,but the supposed drama behind the individual effort was what truly interested the reporters. This may be inevitable on television. Just as it was thought necessary to make the astronauts interesting people when they clearly were not, it seemed somehow insufficient to present athletes merely in competition.

Instead, for each who caught the network's fancy, there were personality profiles. Each turned out to be the same as the last, and eventually they piled up, wearily so. Each athlete, it would seem, was the same age, did nothing but train for the Olympics, had loving, indulgent parents, ran the same miles daily, did the same exercises, grunted, gasped, and grimaced in stolid uniformity.

This sort of inquiry even extended to their performance. After they would finish, the microphone would find its way into their faces, usually panting for breath, but politely answering the same meaningless questions. How do you think you did? Are you pleased or disappointed? Have you overcome your lack of confidence? Did you realize, as you flew through the air, that all those hard years of training were now for nothing?

The answers were as uniform as the questions, and what they did, in the end, was point up the substance of the coverage in essence: noise. While people sped and stumbled, arched and twirled, there was the incessant din of the sportscaster, the gratuitous coach, the has-been and never-was who can let nothing lie when silence — a kind of broadcasting modesty — does the trick.

PHILIP TERZIAN

Screen

BEST MOVIE

RISING TO THE OCCASION

IT'S DIFFICULT TO describe the documentary that Ira Wohl has made about his cousin Philly in terms that aren't clichés. *Best Boy* is a movie that's "heartwarming." It's that rare film which is able to remove the quotation marks from such terms and leave us, for once, unembarrassed to use them. Philly is a mentally retarded man now in his mid-fifties. All his life, except for a brief, unhappy period in the 1930s, Philly had lived at home in Queens with his parents Max and Pearl. He had remained, as he himself says, their "best boy." But then a few years ago cousin Ira became concerned about what would happen to Philly after his parents, both already in their seventies, died. As a result, Philly began to be taken out into the world for the first time—to be tested psychologically, to go to the zoo or a musical, to go to school and even to a sleep-away camp. In 1979 when Max died, Pearl allowed Philly to be moved permanently into a home where he would receive care after her own death, which occurred only six months later. *Best Boy* is the record of Philly's transition to this new life.

One of the clichés from which the film removes the quotation marks is the stereotype of the Jewish mother. Pearl fusses over Philly continually, offering him chicken soup for lunch, answering questions that other people address to him, worrying about his safety whenever he has to be away from her. The moment when she finally has to let go of him is for her so tragic, it's comic. When she's taken on a tour of the home to which Philly is moving, she is shown one bedroom to which no

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one has been assigned yet. "Oh," she says only half-jokingly, "maybe I could have this room." Whenever she tells Philly anything, he begins to reply impatiently, "Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah," before the words are even out of her mouth. Although this always miffs Pearl a bit, it's clearly a habit instilled in Philly by her own, incessant concern for him. It's clear that even someone as dependent as Philly needs ways to fend off the sheer constancy of such a mother's love.

There's a sense in which a retarded child like Philly is the perfect son for a Jewish mother. I don't intend this observation with any sarcasm or undue irony. It's just a fact of life which the film reveals. At one point Pearl looks into the camera and says quietly but frankly, "If God wanted to punish a person, he should give them a retarded child. I mean it. It's such a heartache, you'll never know." That one's children are nothing but a heartache is the classic lament of the Jewish mother. It's the eternal complaint of the woman who always feels in later life that she's being neglected by her son the doctor. But Philly isn't the son who became the doctor, and when Pearl speaks of her heartache we know that there isn't one drop of gall or self-pity in the remark. None of the mitigating tones we expect to hear in such words are heard this time. This time, the old cliché becomes a simple, painful truth.

It isn't Pearl's best boy who causes the heartache, really. As I think she would be the first to admit, Philly himself is a testimonial to human nature. Here is man's nature stripped of all its pretenses or excuses, and revealed to be not brutish, but affectionate, ebullient, and funny. What gives this testimonial its substance, though, is how decent and giving all the other people in the movie are. Even Max. Unlike the gentle, hovering Pearl, Max seems a rather dour, remote man. Over the two years of the film's making, his health deteriorates badly. He becomes an increasingly grim and withdrawn figure. One day he returns home from the hospital after an eye operation and sits gruffly in a chair. As everyone comes forward to greet him in turn, he doesn't even take off his coat, as if he were trying to decide whether to stay here or just stomp off blindly into the snow outside.

But for the first time it occurs to us, as he sits with his patch over his eye, that one reason he has seemed an aloof sourpuss is that the bright film lights hurt his eyes. Suddenly he blurts out to Pearl in his stiff way, "I missed you, Pearl. I dreamed about you in the hospital every night I was away." Again we feel a little as if we've wandered into a scene from a TV serial, some re-run that looks rather dated now—say, *Mrs. Goldberg*. The difference is that here, undeniably, the stock situation comes true to life. The last scene in which we see Max is the first in which he is smiling. This may be because he is out in the sun for a change without those bright lights. But more likely it is because he's visiting Philly at the camp and is at peace about Philly for, perhaps, the first time in his life. The scene fades out on a shot of Max smiling wanly at the camera. This isn't sentimental, we feel. It's just. When the next scene begins, Max is already dead and buried.

People outside the family also rise to the occasion of Philly. This is true of Philly's teachers. It's true of Zero Mostel, who receives Philly backstage after a performance of *Fiddler on the Roof*. It's even true of the Latin teenager behind the counter in the candy store near Philly's school. One afternoon Philly is allowed to go to the candy store on his own to buy an ice cream sandwich. He hurries along the street holding his money before him as if it were taking every ounce of concentration he has to remember where he's going and why. Once he gets there, the Latin kid behind the counter is wonderfully good-natured to this big, confused Jewish oaf. He comes out front to help Philly find the freezer and the ice cream sandwich in it. After that Philly is so uncontainably pleased with himself that he wants the full treatment. So the kid sweetly gives him a tiny bag to put his ice cream sandwich in, and a napkin, before Philly rushes back to school again to show off his purchase.

It is not only Philly who makes us feel gratified as we watch this movie (though God knows, Philly himself should be enough). But it is also people like this teenager. The heartwarming thing about *Best Boy* is that it shows us that the system can work—*all* the systems: value systems, the kinship system, the educational system, the social services system, and ultimately the society itself. We so seldom find evidence that that is possible anymore, we can't help being moved when some turns up as it does here. In the lobbies of theaters where *Best Boy* plays, they are now selling buttons with the film's title on them. I can't imagine what cause this enigmatic button might be intended to promote. But as people ponder their choices this year between Carter and Kennedy and Reagan and Bush, nobody should be surprised if a write-in campaign for Philly Wohl develops.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Art

WOMAN'S WORK?

MIRIAM SHAPIRO'S 'FEMMAGE'

THE HAZARDS OF viewing art through a filter of ideological rhetoric are fully apparent in the recent Miriam Shapiro exhibition at the Lerner-Heller Gallery in New York.

Shapiro is an activist, a founder of the Feminist Art Institute, and one of the best known practitioners of the currently popular pattern painting or decoration art.

Self-consciously ideological in origin, pattern painting is a recent attempt to raise the applied arts, especially textile design, to the status of the fine arts. Its proponents see this as a legitimate and necessary means of liberating art from what feminists consider a falsely hierarchical "male aesthetic." To its critics, the advent of pattern painting, which reduces the problems of painting to a minimum, is more interesting as sociology than as art.

Traditional painting, whether abstract or representational, is

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an orchestration of multiple differences of tone, texture, line, plane, color, and light. In decoration art there is little to orchestrate as there are few, if any, essential differences. Composition is eliminated. There is only the initial pattern, repeated until the canvas is filled. It offers painters a way of behaving as if dealing with yard goods while maintaining the dignity that accrues to the easel painting.

Feminists see no irony in an identification of the female and the decorative and nothing antiquarian in the concept of a separate-but-equal feminine sensibility. Instead, they have seized upon pattern painting as the standard-bearer of female pride and accomplishment.

Shapiro began as an Abstract Expressionist and in the late sixties was a popularizer of the short-lived trend toward vaginal imagery, a form of abstraction that proved to have little sales appeal. Shapiro then turned to pattern painting and collage and, therein, found her métier. She became nationally known in the seventies for "feminist art" consisting of fabric swatches, combined with acrylic washes and stenciling, on shaped canvases. In the waste-not-want-not practice of collagists and quiltmakers, bits of doily, cheap dress material, old organdies and upholstery stuffs, dime-store laces and voiles are cut up and pasted to the canvas in a process Shapiro coyly terms "femmage."

As a visual adventure the work is often startling. Her mammoth fans and kimonos, with their inlaid geometric designs, are satisfying for their graphic clarity and marriage of surface and form. In her most successful works the overlapping layers of transparent fabric result in shifting planes of color that advance and recede on the canvas in fine abstract tradition. The fabric provides both the form and the content of the work. It creates a lively field that transcends the limitations of run-of-the-mill pattern painting by putting women's time-honored medium, sewing material, to a modernist use.

What the work does *not* do is reveal the "new social consciousness" that is claimed for it. Nor does it establish new aesthetic criteria for the evaluation of so-called "women's art," as it is fashionable to insist. At best, such insistence is an indulgence in what Robbe-Grillet disparagingly called "the myth of depth." At worst, it is a form of profiteering.

Shapiro's work has none of the polemical significance attributed to it. Far from creating "a new myth of female culture," as one feminist critic put it, Shapiro reprocesses an old one: the notion that aesthetics are feminine in nature and that art is a category of special female interest, like housework.

Central to her current exhibition is Shapiro's signature piece, "Barcelona Fan." Bearing out the truth of Baudelaire's observation that the most telling criticism is an equivalent, the eight-foot fan, representative of Shapiro at her best, hangs in silent judgment on the rest of the show. The latest canvases are shaped like hearts or the facades of frame houses with a heart motif inside. Women are all heart? The heart of the home? The titles tell all: "Murmur of the Heart," "Heart Throb," Heart Felt," "The Heart of the Matter." The design emphasis is floral. Cabbage roses assert themselves in every grade of fabric from Scotch-Guarded cotton to gold lamé.

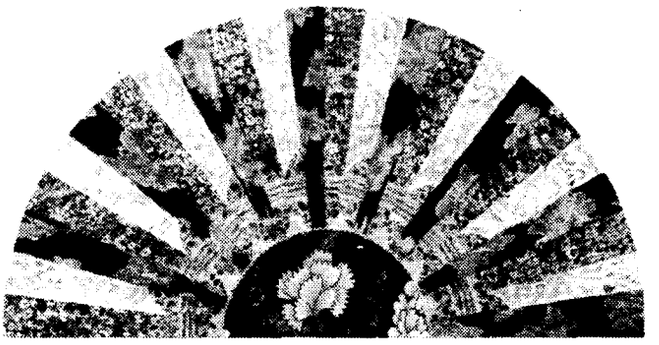
It is the iconography of sentimentality presented with the florid sincerity of a Hallmark. Only its scale, a lesson learned from Alex Katz, saves it from kitsch. There is no satiric comment to complete the rescue. Despite the High-Art prices ($8,000 to $15,000) and the weightiness of the socio-aesthetic lingo that supports them, these canvases look disconcertingly like mock-ups for commercial valentines.

To find Shapiro's painterly capacities expended on a campy diversion is a disappointment. To hear the expenditure extolled as political art is to give credence to the suspicion, circulating sotto voce, that it was a pattern painter who devised the wardrobe for the Emperor Who Had No Clothes.

Shapiro sees her use of fabric as a medium to be a political act, a deliberate attempt to maintain cultural continuity with the quilt-makers of America's past. She is an outspoken apologist for "this new race, this new culture: women" and for women's handiwork. Without a doubt, she shares with these anonymous women a concern for surface, color dynamics, pattern and form that places them both in the mainstream of modern abstraction. Yet Shapiro's work differs in method, intention and result from that of quiltmakers. And it is the differences, not the similarities, that are of real interest on both artistic and feminist grounds.

Major museum exhibitions of traditional quilts during recent years have demonstrated that such work needs no apology. And if one assents to Bernard Berenson's emphasis on tactile properties as an indicator of true quality in art, then America's quilts rank higher as an art form than Shapiro's femmage. Pieced quilts maintain their tactile qualities even while hung on a wall as paintings. The lines of stitching create a dimensional effect that, together with the natural puckering of fabric, is evident even at a distance. The promise of comfort and protection is incorporated in the medium, always visible, and part of any quilt's sensuous appeal.

Shapiro's work even, the best of it, has no such appeal. Denatured by layers of matte varnish and library paste, the fabrics lose their texture in the process of application to the support. They function formally as lights and darks rather than as textures. At a close viewing distance the fabric is as flat as wallpaper. It doesn't invite and it doesn't yield. It maintains the posture of a carefully groomed Victorian flirt: visually exciting but wholly untouchable. The flatness and rigidity of it



"Barcelona Fan" by Miriam Shapiro

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deprives it of that implicit reference to the figure that is inherent in quilts.

With the loss of texture comes a loss of association and a consequent lessening of emotional impact. In looking at a quilt, there is no ignoring the birthing, dying and lovemaking that occurred under the splendor of those designs. The daily history of them reverberates in the folds of even the most fastidiously preserved. Such echoes are absent from Shapiro's work.

There is greater textural sense in the painted illusions of fabric in the interiors and still lives of such recognized women as Nell Blaine, Margaret Erlebacher and Tomar Levine. Each of these women is too aware of her debt to the textural achievements of the Dutch Masters, of Vermeer and Rembrandt, to capitalize on a handicap by claiming to produce "women's art."

Romare Bearden, a black male collagist whose "Patchwork Quilt" is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art, comes closer than Shapiro to fulfilling the feminist intention of solidarity with the country's unnamed needlewomen. Bearden's patchwork is always subservient to the figure—an intention that permits him to reclaim the eloquence of a once-vital tradition in a way that Shapiro does not. In addition to their design capabilities, his fabrics are used to celebrate the high-orange heat of Southern fields, the lure of a small town bordello, the cold that comes through the boards of a country shanty. Bearden uses the same materials to suggest what Shapiro omits: this is where the quilts were used; these are the women who made them.

Shapiro's work deserves to be enjoyed as the visual entertainment that it is. It ought not be touted for statements it doesn't make.

If her recent pieces, with their out-sized hearts and flowers, reveal anything at all, it is a warning that popular feminism runs the same risks of debasement as popular religion and popular psychology. They make clear that what is known as "women's art" owes its existence more to promotion and a market economy than to any qualities of mind that are particularly feminine.

One comes away from the latest Shapiro show aware that women's art is one more manufactured item in a succession of trendy commodities (women's studies, presses, bookstores, bars, baths, buttons) aimed at a growing market. Women, it seems, are an expanding industry and feminism an exploitable topic. Feminists might serve us better by refusing to ape the climate that co-opts the work of women by turning it into the cultural corollary of the still-salable Peanuts phenomenon.

MAUREEN MULLARKEY

(Maureen Mullarkey is a painter and a previous contributor to Commonweal.*)*

IF I LEAVE DERRIDA UNREAD, DO I DESERVE TO LIVE?

A guide for the guideless

SAUL MALOFF

AN ADMIRABLE DISPLAY of patience but what were we waiting for? A more secure sense of where we are and where we've been lately? Strategic aesthetic depth leaving some room for maneuver, retreat, cautious advance? Perhaps the perspective that time sometimes confers upon those who also serve by standing and waiting? By an undeserved stroke of luck we appear to have beaten the ambitious Czechs of Charles University to the wire: thirty-five twelve-months years had passed since the end of World War II, the last great literary watershed, and until now no thick square book of general reference devoted to a comprehensive overview of the immediate and ongoing past in order to light the way to the future for writers, critics, theorists instead of abandoning them to their feckless devices.

This is by no means to say there hasn't been a steady stream of books, from both trade and university presses, telling us where we were last season, last year, or (everybody's favorite slice of time) last decade; what themes seemed to preoccupy us, what trends or tendencies surfaced in the literary culture or could be dredged up. Of course there has been, and some of it has even been worth reading: the point, the important point, is that courses in Contemp Lit attract the students, the impulse buyers at the point of purchase, and it would be wanton to turn them loose among the novels and poems of their time without pointing them in the right, or at least *some*, direction through the thickets of their own experience, else what are mentors for. Such ephemera apart, however, it showed heroic restraint to wait a long generation before undertaking something in the way of a definitive study while the subject is still—is by definition—emerging, stopping its motion long enough to take some readings before it resumes its headlong career. A generation ago Kingsley Amis left his teaching post in the academic provinces because his rearguard elders there forbade him to teach Henry James on the grounds that the American novelist was *too* contemporary a writer; here in America, where there are no provinces, it is almost no joke to say that courses organized around the work of promising first novelists are gladly accepted into the maw of the polymorphous curriculum and no one to raise an eyebrow. The electronic impulses connect-

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ing Foucault, Barthes, Derrida, Lacan with Yale and Hopkins now girdle the inhabited world.

The *Harvard Guide to Contemporary American Writing* * is, before and after it is anything else, an artifact, a product, a commanding presence which compels attention. When it walks into a room you can't help noticing it, a gentleman of the old school, the sort they don't breed any more. Tall, of military though not stiff bearing, silvery-grey and black in tone, powerful, robust though not portly, yet somehow slender for all that, a matter primarily of fine tailoring. To drop the odious persiflage, the *Guide* bears the imperial imprint of Harvard/Belknap, is over 600 large densely-printed pages in length and narrowly averts the appearance of textbook, if indeed it does, by virtue of the designer's subtle craft. In short, it has the unmistakable look of authority, a book made to last a lifetime and instruct at the very least one full generation: though mint-fresh, looking in a slant light as if it has been with us for a very long time, quietly establishing canonical texts and incontrovertible ideas.

Yet in fact until recent years even the terms of organization upon which the book is organized—categories more sociological and demographic than literary—had not emerged as the general currency; though whether they are better—more useful, more suggestive, closer to the actualities of the best writing of the period—than the other generic, thematic, formal, or whatever, categories is open to question. Thus, following in this curious order Alan Trachtenberg's obligatory essay "Intellectual Background," a blindingly swift survey of what seems to its author the period's prevailing climate of opinion, ideas, events, we have A. Walton Litz's "Literary Criticism," Leo Braudy's "Realists, Naturalists, and Novelists of Manners," Lewis P. Simpson's "Southern Fiction," Mark Shechner's "Jewish Writers," Josephine Hendin's "Experimental Fiction," Nathan A. Scott, Jr.'s "Black Literature," Elizabeth Janeway's "Women's Literature," Gerald Weales's "Drama," and three essays by the editor: "Poetry: After Modernism," "Poetry: Schools of Dissidents," "Poetry: Dissidents from Schools." By and large each stays out of the other's way; no powerful tyrannical editorial hand attempts to fuse into some spurious synthesis the essentially disparate parts; they share no more than the general ideas and sensibility of what we are still and seemingly forever trapped into calling post-Modernism—by now a condition of servitude, a judgment of cultural history, and something of a joke from which there is no escaping short of some tremendous new extricating movement in the arts, the creation of a new epoch in literary history which at the moment shows no sign of appearing; and each essay could just as well have appeared separately from others, with scarcely any substantial revision, in a quarterly journal or in another or even rival work of similar scope and ambitions.

A harmless enough enterprise, then; indeed a philanthropic one, representing, not anything venal, certainly not on the part of the book's makers, its editor and contributors, serious persons all, nothing worse than a peculiar kind of cultural anxiety, American to the bone: Where are we? Who's up, down? What's in, out? What else is new? What is impermissible to feel, think? What are the central texts, the primary ideas, the things that matter most in a treacherous world? What does it all mean? If I allow Derrida to pass unread, do I deserve to live? Far more seriously than a mere matter of life and death: do I deserve to be taken seriously? Linz, a fine critic and historian of criticism, as a matter of fact, does not even mention the French philosophers, possibly for the same reason Sartre and Maritain (and any number of other immensely influential figures in their time) do not turn up in these pages—namely, that this is a "guide" to *American* writing, though one might have thought that a guide's obligations are transnational.

Yet if a sense of arbitrariness settles in very soon, how could it be otherwise? Why, save in the interest of the archivist, should a comprehensive record be kept? Nothing is less interesting than a work greeted with unrestrained enthusiasm a season or a year ago. We scarcely recall the names of writers we regarded highly as recently as a decade ago, much less a generation. Who wrote what? Why did we care? Why should we care? Was it an episode in the history of literature, or of commerce, of the publishing trade, of publicity and promotion, of a weekly periodical's need for "copy"? To die young seems the most terrible of literary fates—Harvey Swados and Warren Miller; to name only two, might just as soon not have lived at all? Where is that good writer, that good and interesting writer James Purdy, very much alive, very much with us? Only that good, interesting, finely balanced critic Gerald Weales sees fit to mention him, and then only as a playwright, which Purdy was and is not and briefly became, yet another novelist afire to storm the stage. Not a Jew or Black or a Southerner, certainly not a realist or naturalist but surely in that enormous room, the "novel of manners," some space might have been cleared for him—actually Purdy is a mannerist who by degrees has collapsed into his mannerisms and eccentricities while (or perhaps because) no one was noticing; or under that equally spacious umbrella "experimental" fiction, a catch-all for troublesome writers who do not fit conventional categories, though one would have supposed that in this terminal phase of *post* post-Modernism the exhausted term "experimental," with its whiff of graduate school, writers' workshop, Soho lofts and hip bars, could no longer be used with a straight face. (Hendin has a weakness for other deplor-

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*Harvard Guide to Contemporary American Writing. Edited by Daniel Hoffman. Belknap/Harvard. $18.50. 618 pp.

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able terms and phrases—for example, "holistic" as applied to anything, "anarchic" to fiction, "experimental hero.")

Moreover, the *Guide* proves luckless in its timing, one of the risks when dealing with writers in mid-careers: while it was in press, so were (to limit examples to two) Mailer's *The Executioner's Song* and Roth's *The Ghost Writer*, in both instances exhilarating recoveries from what can be seen as some confusion of direction in the writer's literary life, a misuse of power or, worse, a loss or at least diminution of it but here in these new works clear evidence of a strong reassertion of it, arguably Roth's best work in a long time and perhaps the best single work of Mailer's career, one that can have important consequences for his life as a writer if he assesses it wisely. Not only for his life as a writer: almost by inadvertence he may well have stumbled onto a rich lode for narrative art, once we've disposed of his unfortunate designation of it as "true life novel" and the soggy suggestion of pulpy trash it conveys.

The division of the territory and nature of the task assigned each contributor requires of each a certain dutifulness of tone, a solemnity and purposefulness of manner, whatever the underlying dismay may be. Ardor isn't to be expected, hardly anything more heated than a stray enthusiasm of the moment: when it all seems so distant, how can it be otherwise? But what, then, is the sound of received wisdom? This: "Postwar experimental fiction," Josephine Hendin writes, "may be seen as a search for ways to deal with the violence, brevity, and rigidity of life. It carries to great extremes the themes of combativeness, fragmentariness, coolness, and meaninglessness that are the marks of modern fiction. It may originate in the modernist sense of life as problematic, but unlike the great experimental fiction of the 1920s, it does not lament the brokenness of experience as a sign of the decline of Western civilization. Instead it offers an acceptance of dislocation as a major part of life and perhaps a hope that the displacement of traditional ideals might permit new ways of dealing with the human situation." Well (one is inclined to say), yes and no and several degrees of perhaps; sometimes, never, often; and: Seeing it in the cold glare of print, wouldn't you like to reformulate that statement?

Nathan Scott, in a scrupulous attempt to scant no one who qualifies for admission by whatever margin, inevitably includes (as does Weales in "Drama" and Hoffman in "Poetry") writers and works truly best forgotten; and tends to speak of some of them—since there they are now, on the page before us, as it were immortalized if only for the moment—rather grandiosely and in a too-literary high manner, as in such a passage as this: "... so theirs is a fiction radically insistent on its own fabulism, on the fictive character of its own constructions, and they turn out 'novels which imitate the form of the Novel, [as if they had been written by authors imitating] the role of Author.' *As novelists, they say credo quia absurdum est.*" (Author's italics) As novelists they say no such thing, in either tongue; and the unfortunate nullifying phrase "turn out" aside, this is being said, or sung, of writing in no way remarkable, writing far too slender to bear the burden either of Scott's weighty ornamental inscriptions or of John Barth's modish ones (Barth's being the interior quotation, modish in the Johns Hopkinsian way now as when it was first published in 1967).

The procedure and its necessities distort judgment. So sensible a critic as Elizabeth Janeway can't bring herself to call Sylvia Plath's juvenile novel *The Bell Jar* by its proper name and must render a soft, evasive judgment ("episodic and uneven") while hastening to add this can be said of many poets' novels. And though she brings high intelligence to her unenviable task of attempting to establish "women's literature" as a literary category in its own right, she makes quite unnecessary distinctions along the way (the sense, for example, in which Jean Stafford may be called "an author of women's literature" whereas Lillian Hellman and Mary McCarthy, not to mention Susan Sontag and Hannah Arendt, may not be so called). And after a good deal of strenuous grappling with problems that aren't really problems at

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all, and (if I may dare say), possibly mis-formulating problems that are problems, this estimable critic comes away with a poor thing: that women's experience of the world is different from that of men and it therefore follows that the consequent "point of view will not be easily accessible to men," nor will the "search of the inner reality of that experience," an "interior journey" analogous to the "mythic or legendary journey to Hell of the hero of the epics." Happily, such journeying has fallen out of fashion in recent years; in any case not much there will withstand churlish scrutiny; and it should be said that *no* "point of view" is easily accessible to the men posited in such argument since they are made of straw, the better to burn.

Stalwart, diligent critics each and every one; yet so often the massing of names and works seems arbitrary, by turn too many and too few, got together by main force for purposes of thesis-mongering, and in general the ideas liquefy before our eyes, are readily replaceable by other, conflicting, even opposed ideas: an exchange, as likely as not, of one received idea or truism for another. Daniel Hoffman's fine, valuable essays may be taken as a final case in point. Generosity exceeds judgment in making room for some of the poets included . . . unless (and this is no small consideration) one is writing about one's friends, colleagues, associates and may have much to answer for within a fortnight of publication. (I notice with some embarrassment that with far less cause I have been most discreet in the use and omission of names, Black, Jewish, Southern, females, "experimental," theatric, poetical.) But no matter: Got up to look like the rock of ages, the *Guide* is built on shifting sands.

Books: THE HIGH COURT & DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY AND DISTRUST

A Theory of Judicial Review

John Hart Ely

Harvard University, $15, 304 pp.

Maurice deG. Ford

NO QUESTION has concerned the Justices of the Supreme Court and constitutional scholars more than the role of the federal courts in a democracy. This is the chief issue in judicial review — when are the courts justified in striking down an enactment of Congress or a state legislature as unconstitutional? In a democracy, the theory goes, important societal decisions should be made by the people, through their elected legislative representatives. Early on, however, our Founding Fathers realized that sometimes the system will malfunction. The majority, moved by prejudice or tides of popular passion, will work its will oppressively on a minority. For this reason, our Constitution contains a Bill of Rights and most notably the due process and equal protection clauses, binding on the states as well as the federal government.

Some justices, the late Justice Hugo Black being an outstanding example, have insisted that courts may appropriately interfere with the work of the political branches only if authorized by specific provisions of the Bill of Rights or readily available inferences from them. What these individuals fear is obvious: if judges, particularly the Justices of the Supreme Court, are given too much leeway to read their own subjective notions of what is right into the Constitution, instead of accepting the legislative judgment, our country will run the danger of becoming an oligarchy instead of a democracy. Other legal thinkers have insisted that our Constitution, to be viable, must be capable of growth and of reflecting the evolving moral standards of the times. The justices should not be hidebound by the specific language of the Bill of Rights but must deal realistically with many issues the Founding Fathers could never have foreseen. Indeed, that is the very reason why we have a Constitution to be interpreted. Justices William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall fall into this camp. They believe that the Supreme Court must be especially vigilant to protect citizens against the deprivation of *fundamental* rights, even if these rights are not fairly specifically mentioned in the Bill of Rights. They remember that, so often in the course of oral argument before the Court, former Chief Justice Earl Warren would stop counsel and ask: "But, counselor, what is *fair*?" Scholars like Archibald Cox and the late Alexander Bickel have been sympathetic to such humanitarian concerns but at the same time wary of judicial subjectivity and aware of the need not to give the Justices *carte blanche*.

Democracy and Distrust by John Hart Ely is a major exploration of this controversy. Professor Ely is a former law clerk to Chief Justice Warren (the book is dedicated to him), a colleague of Professor Cox at Harvard Law School and an admiring former student and colleague of Alexander Bickel's at Yale Law School. While the Warren Court is popularly perceived as having played somewhat footloose and fancy free with the Constitution's text in order to write the majority's notions of what was just or fair into our law, Professor Ely sees a "deep structure" in that Court's decisions which is not nearly as subjective. Its chief achievement was to act vigorously to "police the process of representation": "That Court was . . . the first to move into, and once there, seriously to occupy, the voter qualification and malapportionment areas. These were certainly interventionist decisions, but the interventionism was fueled not by a desire on the part of the Court to vindicate particular substantive values it had determined were important or fundamental, but rather by a desire to ensure that the political process — which is where such values *are* properly identified, weighed, and accommodated — was open to those of all viewpoints on something approaching an equal basis." Ely has a point here:

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Chief Justice Warren himself believed that *Baker v. Carr*, the "one man, one vote" reapportionment decision, was of even more significance than *Brown v. Board of Education*.

John Ely believes that, rather than second-guessing the legislature's judgments and substituting policy choices of their own (no matter how "moral" these may seem to many of us), federal judges must instead concentrate on keeping the political process open. They must show special solicitude for "discrete and insular minorities" whom prejudice has kept from fully and effectively enjoying the fruits of politics.

Although Alexander Bickel was one of the prime critics of the Warren Court for becoming enmeshed in a "web of subjectivity" (a fact that our author does not clearly bring out), Ely sees him involved in a tragic, lifelong pursuit of the wrong question—"Which values . . . qualify as sufficiently important or fundamental . . . to be vindicated by the Court against other values affirmed by legislative acts? And how is the Court to evolve and apply them?" In a brilliant chapter, Ely demonstrates how elusive the search has been for these so-called "fundamental values" (such as the right to privacy, more recently transmuted into the right to an abortion). He unmasks judges who, pretending, often quite honestly, to base their rulings on "neutral principles" or some "objective" criterion, are really importing into the Constitution their own notions of what is right. One by one the putative sources for such decisions fall beneath Ely's scrutiny—"natural law," "the traditions of our people" (every judge becomes his own historian), "reason," and contemporary society's "widely shared values." In 1972, for example, Justices Brennan and Marshall argued that the death penalty should be held unconstitutional because it was not in accord with our country's present values. Yet as soon as the existing death-penalty statutes were struck down in *Furman v. Georgia*, there was a virtual stampede by the states to reenact other versions of them.

Rather than play wise guardians dictating values, the Justices of the Supreme Court should act more like referees—at the political fight. They should step in only when some group has been denied the franchise or when they deem some group, while technically represented, to be functionally powerless. To use an analogy from our anti-trust laws, the marketplace should govern. Judges should step in only when the market is malfunctioning:

> Malfunction occurs when the *process* is undeserving of trust, when (1) the ins are choking off the channels of political change to insure that they will stay in and the outs will stay out, or (2) though no one is actually denied a voice or a vote, representatives beholden to an effective majority are systematically disadvantaging some minority out of simple hostility or a prejudiced refusal to recognize commonalities of interest, and thereby denying that minority the protection afforded other groups by a representative system.

Clearing the channels of political change does, of course, not limit judges only to protecting the right to vote. One of the main concerns and achievements of the Warren Court was to expand the constitutional safeguards given freedom of speech, without which the right to vote would be seriously impaired. The Burger Court's recent record in this regard has not been as promising, especially as regards the press.

Democracy and Distrust is a careful and serious work of scholarship, one of its principal virtues being that John Ely, unlike a number of polemicists, tries manfully to bring out and deal with arguments that go against his point of view. For example, he asks: "What about legislation which some women claim adversely affects them?" To be sure, much legislation seems to stereotype women, presuming that they primarily belong in the home and are not as suited to the work of the world as men. Yet women are by no means a "discrete and insular minority," as blacks and Chicanos have traditionally been. Women, as a class, are not in some ghetto isolated from legislators but, in most instances, married to them. Indeed, women are a majority of the electorate.

Still Ely is uneasy, noting that "there remains something that seems right in the claim that women have been operating at an unfair disadvantage in the political process, though it's tricky pinning down just what gives rise to that intuition."

One additional possibility is that women haven't *really* consented to legislation that assumes they should be in certain roles. Yet as the continued popularity of the traditional values represented by Anita Bryant and the Miss America pageant demonstrate, a great many women seem content with things as they are. For example, according to a 1978 NBC poll, more men than women supported the Equal Rights Amendment!

So what is the problem? Is it that John Ely, playing the role of a "liberated" judge wants to save women even from themselves? In part, yes. He cites the Supreme Court's often overlooked, but very important, 1977 decision in *Casteneda v. Partida*, where it was held that a prima facie case of discrimination in jury selection against Mexican-Americans still could constitutionally be made out even though Mexican-Americans were the governing majority in the affected county. Justice Thurgood Marshall, who knew from long experience how Negroes went along with white stereotypes, spelled out the reason why: "Social scientists agree that members of minority groups frequently respond to discrimination and prejudice by attempting to disassociate themselves from the group, even to the point of adopting the majority's negative attitudes toward the minority."

Ely argues that until comparatively recently, when the Gloria Steinems of this world took up the cause, most women persisted in a Casteneda-like acceptance of the classifications passed by male legislatures, even though many such laws were enacted before 1920, when ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment first constitutionally allowed women to vote. Ely urges that laws disfavoring women passed before that date should be declared unconstitutional. If today's legislatures, containing an increasing number of women, want to repass such laws, they should be upheld. The date of passage of a given law seems

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to our author an anchor to the judicial inquiry, allowing little play in the joints for that dread disease, judicial subjectivity.

One gets a flavor, from the foregoing, of the thoughtful, probing nature of John Hart Ely's mind. Yet in the end, *Democracy and Distrust* seems only slightly to "solve" the problems of judicial review of legislative action. There are, to be sure, far more women in today's legislatures, albeit a minority. How can a court tell whether they have subtly been intimidated into "going along" with the repassage of a pre-1920 law? Or whether they have learned the sophisticated art of "logrolling"?

In a lengthy section, Ely says that judges should inquire closely into legislative motivation—and he is one of the country's foremost experts on that subject. Yet I too once sat at the feet of Alex Bickel. He convinced me how thorny a thicket *that* kind of second-guessing of a legislature places the judiciary in. ("Were a legislator's statements to a newspaper *really* what motivated him in the give-and-take of cloakroom trade-offs?"). The judiciary's attempts, with due respect to precedent and tradition, at defining what is "fundamentally fair," do not seem more risky.

John Ely has not convinced me, at least not yet. We can assume, in this day and age, that Poles, Lithuanians, blacks, Chinese and Irish at least have access to the voting booth. Yet can they "fully and effectively" exercise their vote? Some are an important force in the population of some cities and a minority in others. Many, like those of Eastern European ancestry, are rather in-between. Is it not very tricky business for a federal judge to rule—in objective, principled fashion—that votes by members of such groups have not been "effectively" exercised? What about the crippling effects of poverty, the apathy and despair which so often result in people giving up on the political process? I wish Ely had done more with this topic.

Democracy and Distrust does not satisfactorily resolve these questions, but at least it attempts to grapple with them—and they are perhaps the hardest questions in American constitutional law. This is a well and colloquially written book, although probably much more accessible to lawyers versed in constitutional law than to lay readers. It pulls together much excellent writing that John Ely has done for our leading law reviews and, as is the danger in such enterprises, is not as well organized as it might have been. Or perhaps this is because the author tries to touch, at some depth, on most major constitutional issues of the day before he lets us put the volume down.

Freud rescued from psychoanalysis

FREUD, BIOLOGIST OF THE MIND

Frank J. Sulloway

Basic Books, $20, 612 pp.

M. Gerard Fromm

"IT IS making severe demands on the unity of the personality to try to make me identify myself with the author of the paper on the spinal ganglia of the petromyzon. Nevertheless, I must be he, and I think I was happier about that discovery than about others since." With these words of Freud, written when he was 68 and referring to a paper published nearly a half-century earlier, Sulloway begins his diligent, carefully reasoned, and authoritative examination of Freud's intellectual development, more particularly, of his fundamental and sustained connections to biology and of the mythologizing processes which have denied those connections. His premise is indeed that the young, promising, and ambitious neuroanatomist of the spinal ganglia paper (as well as literally dozens of other researches, ranging in topic from the gonadal structure of the eel to the medicinal properties of cocaine to childhood cerebral palsy) is one and the same as, intellectually continuous with, the Freud of *The Interpretation of Dreams* and *Three Essays on the Theory of Sexuality*. Sulloway sees his task as one of intellectual biography; he wishes to trace the history of an idea, to locate its extended family and patriarch, to understand why one person emerges in history as speaking it with such force that posterity relents and awards that person sole guardianship. Sulloway sees in the biography of psychoanalytic ideas a process that he calls "historical 'decontextualization'," a process essentially of attrition whereby the engaging scientific questions of the late nineteenth century and the people who formulated and most imaginatively sought to answer them, whereby the scientific milieu itself, created by a network of thinkers and the objects of their thought, somehow slips below the threshold of current knowledge and memory. As though reconstructing in the space of an amnesia, Sulloway has devoted his book to filling in historical gaps.

The primary gap is reflected in the opening quote. Though Freud himself, at various points, and certainly the movement/organization that he founded

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lay claim to psychoanalysis as a pure psychology, Sulloway sees and emphasizes Freud's connections to biology. His effort is a balancing one, an effort to illuminate but also to cut through "the politics of knowledge" and find a fair apportionment of what he frequently speaks of as Freud's "debt" to his scientific contemporaries and teachers. With compelling scholarship and a clear and graceful style, he follows the biological thread throughout Freud's grand design. Specifically, he argues that Freud, like many scientists of his day, aspired to a biologically reductionistic theory of psychological phenomena, that with his aborted *Project for a Scientific Psychology* in 1895, he was forced to give up a neurophysiological theory of pyschological defenses, but that he then found, and built his entire theoretical superstructure upon, another less mechanistic model of biological reductionism—namely, the evolutionary model of Charles Darwin.

It is, of course, immediately apparent that the concept of evolution, of the understanding of the present via the past, is central to psychoanalytic developmental psychology, particularly to Freud's understanding of the neuroses. It is absolutely astonishing, however, to realize the steadfastness and the boldness with which Freud and his colleagues rigorously applied the biogenetic law (that is, that the history of the individual recapitulates the history of the species) to the theoretical problems generated by their clinical observations: Ferenczi's speculation, for example, that the diphasic aspect of human sexual development (the fact that unlike lower-order animals, infantile sexuality in man peaks around age five, submerges for several years, then erupts for a second time and now with continuity at puberty) must reflect prehistoric trauma; in other words, the latency phase of individual development as literally the ontogenetic precipitate of the species' survival of the Ice Age. Sulloway demonstrates convincingly that for Freud himself evolutionary considerations at the level of the species seemed finally to organize and resolve pressing theoretical problems about the nature of repression, the centrality of sex as the specific cause of neurosis, and the various forms of neurosis along a developmental continuum. The concept of the forward thrust of evolution is even seen as theoretically *requiring*, in order to account for the phenomenon of regression, some reversing or involuting force—hence, the hypothetical construct (which also fits certain clinical data, like the fixation to trauma) of the death instinct.

These indeed are weighty, though surprisingly never tedious, matters. One has the exhilarating sense of being in on the ground floor of what will become a soaring edifice, of overhearing the builders struggle with their technical reverses, their theoretical insistences, and frequently their competitive natures. It is a marvelous feature of this book that it offers a lingering, more respectful look at potential psychoanalytic fall-guys: particularly Josef Breuer and Wilhelm Fleiss, who emerge as intellectually solid, wonderfully complex individuals, related to Freud along highly valued theoretical and temperamental lines.

The fact that both men, among others, might require such historical rescue reflects, according to Sulloway, the overwhelming sociopsychological forces of myth-generation and -maintenance of work in the history of the psychoanalytic (as in the history of any social or scientific) movement. Toward the end of the book, there is a simple listing of 26 specific and general myths, associated with early psychoanalytic history, along with their particular functions and the references which refute them. Most of these myths reduce to a view of Freud as pure psychologist, with his life's work safely differentiated from its potentially engulfing mother-science, biology, or to a view of Freud as hero, creating the *independent* science of psychoanalysis from the depths of his own self-analysis. This is not an unmasking, however; it is an interpretation of human behavior, of struggles for recognition, of movements to preserve a valued position, and, of course, of wishful thinking. Though, to use the American psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan's phrase, Freud shrinks a bit to life-size in this volume, his intellectual achievement stands. Sulloway does not play up the irony in the fact that psychoanalysis, of all sciences, has denied its origins and deified its originator; if anything, he ends on a note of apology and genuine admiration. And, as if making what he knows to be a good and timely interpretation, his calm, firm attention to the facts communicates to his charge the confidence that psychoanalysis itself can now accept its own truths. This book is a work of monumental scholarship; it is also a brilliant and ultimately a tender piece of analysis.

A tough & hard-earned Christianity

SEARCHING FOR TRUTH: A PERSONAL VIEW OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM
Peter Kelly
Collins, $8.95, 192 pp.

John P. Sisk

I MUST CONFESS that I approached Peter Kelly's book with low expectations. Title, subtitle, and the advance information that the author had once been a Jesuit made it easy to anticipate either another self-exculpatory record of disillusionment or a narcissistic preoccupation with truth-searching in which the reader would have to suffer once again the well-worn pieties of the human potential movement. Fortunately, Gregory Baum's introduction and the author's opening pages quickly put the book in another category. It is personal, certainly, but it is more about Christ than the author, and even in the first and most personal chapter Christ comes first. Once this priority is established, everything else is presented in order to help others understand not simply what Mr. Kelly has gone through but what "in infinitely variable ways countless people are going through, or are hesitating about, fearing what they may go through."

The purely autobiographical matter is sketched out in nine pages. Unable for financial reasons to study medicine, he studies law, not too arduously, at the University of Adelaide in his native Aus-

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tralia. Shortly after reading *The Imitation of Christ* he decides to become a priest, and although the decision terrifies him he sticks to it and eventually becomes a Jesuit, studies canon law in Rome, teaches canon law and moral theology in Melbourne and Sydney, and is eventually provincial of the Jesuit order for Australia. In 1975, after having experienced for many years the confusion, uncertainty of purpose, and dissatisfaction with the official church that were part of the pre-Vatican II environment (and beginning to realize that he had chosen the wrong profession), he resigned from the Jesuit order and returned to the law. He is now a Lecturer in Law at the University of Adelaide.

Having disposed of these preliminaries, Mr. Kelly devotes his second chapter to questions about God: whether he exists; what, if he exists, he cannot be; what it is possible to say he is if one takes a stand between a Protestant tradition of the total otherness of God and a Catholic tradition of non-total separation between God and creature; whether a life after death is thinkable (or whether, as Bertrand Russell believed, the soul's habitation can be built "only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair"); whether God is stasis or process; whether it is possible to think about him at all without ignoring the problem of evil. These questions are posed as a dramatic preface to the statement that "We begin from Jesus to God, not vice versa," so that the rest of the book is really an attempt to satisfy the urgencies of this chapter.

There follows a chapter on biblical scholarship in which Mr. Kelly begins with the Middle Ages, carries us through Reformation, Renaissance and Enlightenment into 19th-century Germany to encounter those formidable Protestant scholars whose work is "at the root of much of what is moving and seething or withering and dying in the Christian world today," and finally into the post-1919 period, still largely Protestant until Pius XII's *Divino Afflante Spiritu* in 1943 made it possible for Catholic scholars to enter the "Common Market" of biblical studies. "In over two hundred years now of detailed work," Mr. Kelly summarizes, "the text of the New Testament, the groupings and patterns, the ideas, motives and traditions that went into the writing, the influences from within and without, the culture and literature of the surrounding world, have all been thoroughly examined."

> *There must be integrity, a great concern for truth, a humility in acknowledging that we still do not know entirely what the church is and what it is about, a courage and a balance in speaking, and a real sense that the spirit of God works in us through Jesus Christ in ways that are beyond our logic and our grasp.*
> —Peter Kelly
> *Searching for Truth*

I suspect that there is little if anything in this and the subsequent chapter on God and Jesus that is news to theologians and biblical scholars; however, Mr. Kelly's ecumenical temper may be unacceptable to some of them. He is writing for those of us, clergy and lay persons, who pride ourselves on keeping abreast with developments in the post-Vatican II church but who have only the sketchiest notions about what has been going on in New Testament studies and the extent to which those studies have changed our knowledge of Jesus. God knows, it is hard enough to keep the conflicting theologies straight in our heads. (Is there a theology of despair to go with the theology of hope, just as there is a theology of liberation to go with the theology of salvation?) Understandably, an examination of the total life situation of the Gospels (their *Sitz im Leben*) has been left to the experts.

As Mr. Kelly presents the *Sitz im Leben*, it takes into account the life situation of Jesus; the life situation in which the Gospels were written; and the life situation in which the first oral preaching and instruction began, were formulated and carried on. But to study these matters now, and especially to study the controversies about their meanings that developed in time, is to become aware of the extent to which "past differences come from misunderstandings in words." Thus, with reference to the Monophysites and their belief that Jesus had only one nature, Mr. Kelly remarks: "This whole matter provides a very good lesson in the need for care in language." His own book is a model of such care. He has a rare ability to present complicated subjects with a clarity that avoids condescension and oversimplication. In this respect at least he has written a book from which the experts can learn much.

Care in language goes with modesty of aim. "This is not meant to be another profound work," Mr. Kelly writes in his chapter on the church and authority. Nevertheless, his combination of clarity and modesty (and one ought not to forget the 37 years in the Jesuit order, which now, ironically, turn out to be intellectually and spiritually productive) makes this chapter and the concluding one on death genuinely profound. It protects him from the polemical simplifications one might expect to find in a more purely confessional work. Hence the striking quality of his treatment is balance, the kind of balance that depends on his distinction between "a right reserve" and "a hard scepticism" that points to Russsell's "unyielding despair." He will give no more comfort to Christian anarchists, I suspect, than to those contemporary Donatists who insist on an impossible match between end and agency in the institutional church.

There is balance too behind Mr. Kelly's optimistic conviction that "the day of absolute autocratic pronouncements is nearly over," while the day of moving more deeply into Christian unity is far from over. It is a very tough Christian optimism, however—one that is grounded on a hard-won knowledge that "Real life is living with insecurity and flourishing with it." The condition of this flourishing is the faith "that there is a fulness behind it toward which we

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move." Mr. Kelly's own faith position, which comes fittingly at the end of his splendid treatment of the Resurrection, is very explicit: "If one is ready and open, then the question stands: do you or do you not accept that Jesus of Nazareth who dies on a cross was raised from the dead to new life, and that with him we have both our path to follow on earth and our hope of promise and fulfillment? I do."

Correspondence

(Continued from page 226)

trast with Poland) facilitated the consolidation of the revolutionary regime. While only some elements in the church participated actively in the massacres and the civil war, the church as a whole accepted the legitimacy of the fascist puppet regime of the Ustachi in Croatia as did the Vatican. I assume that the regime had no legitimacy and that its bloody massacres are in no way justified by the repressive, centralist, Serb-dominated pre-World War II government. The two past heritages — Serbian domination in pre-revolutionary Yugoslavia and the brutal massacres in the Croat Ustachi state — dictated a federal solution for present Yugoslavia, to the continuing distress of both Serb and Croat nationalists who seem to learn nothing from history.

2. A new partition of Yugoslavia is unlikely and would be undesirable for at least three reasons: (a) it would require a bloody civil war; (b) it would be impossible to carry out fairly in any case since the populations are very intermingled in large areas; and (c) it would draw the superpowers into this explosive area.,

3. The civil war and resistance in Yugoslavia were bloody and cruel, and it comes as no news or surprise that the Partisans killed nuns, priests, and friars whom they regarded as active enemies. This in no way justifies the excesses committed by the Partisans, especially after their victory.

4. The church in Croatia did shamefully little to prevent the massacres of the Jewish and Orthodox population during the war. That there were some protests, mostly late in the war and mostly individual and often about irregularities in forced mass conversions, I do not doubt. However to mention Cardinal Stepinac's *equation* of the two sides in the civil war in terms of atrocities shows at the very least a moral insensitivity. There *is* a difference between the slaughter in a civil war on both sides and the systematic policy of extermination carried out in massacres and death camps by a state. The cardinal was *also* the vicar of the armed forces of this murderous fascist state: surely that was not required of him.

5. The Yugoslav economy does face some serious problems, but they have less to do with the system of self-management than with the general economic downturn in Europe. I for one, prefer a policy which permits workers to work abroad to a Berlin wall. The right to emigrate or temporarily leave is something for which the overwhelming majority of other East Europeans envy the Yugoslavs as they also envy the Yugoslavs' right to strike and the greater freedoms the Yugoslavs enjoy in this admittedly imperfect, sometimes authoritarian, one-party state. What is interesting about Yugoslavia is precisely in what ways *it differs* from the other Communist states. That in turn is in good part due to Tito's role—which my article was about.

BOGDAN DENITCH

Anti-Communism

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I would greatly appreciate hearing from people with personal knowledge of Catholic anti-Communism in the U.S. during the Cold War (1947-1962). Recollections of sermons and lectures in churches and Catholic schools would be especially helpful. Write: Kenneth J. Uva, 24 Fifth Avenue, Apt. 1023, New York, New York 10011.

KENNETH J. UVA

Commonweal welcomes letters on subjects treated in its pages. Letters of not more than 250 or 300 words naturally have a better chance of being published.

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History
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